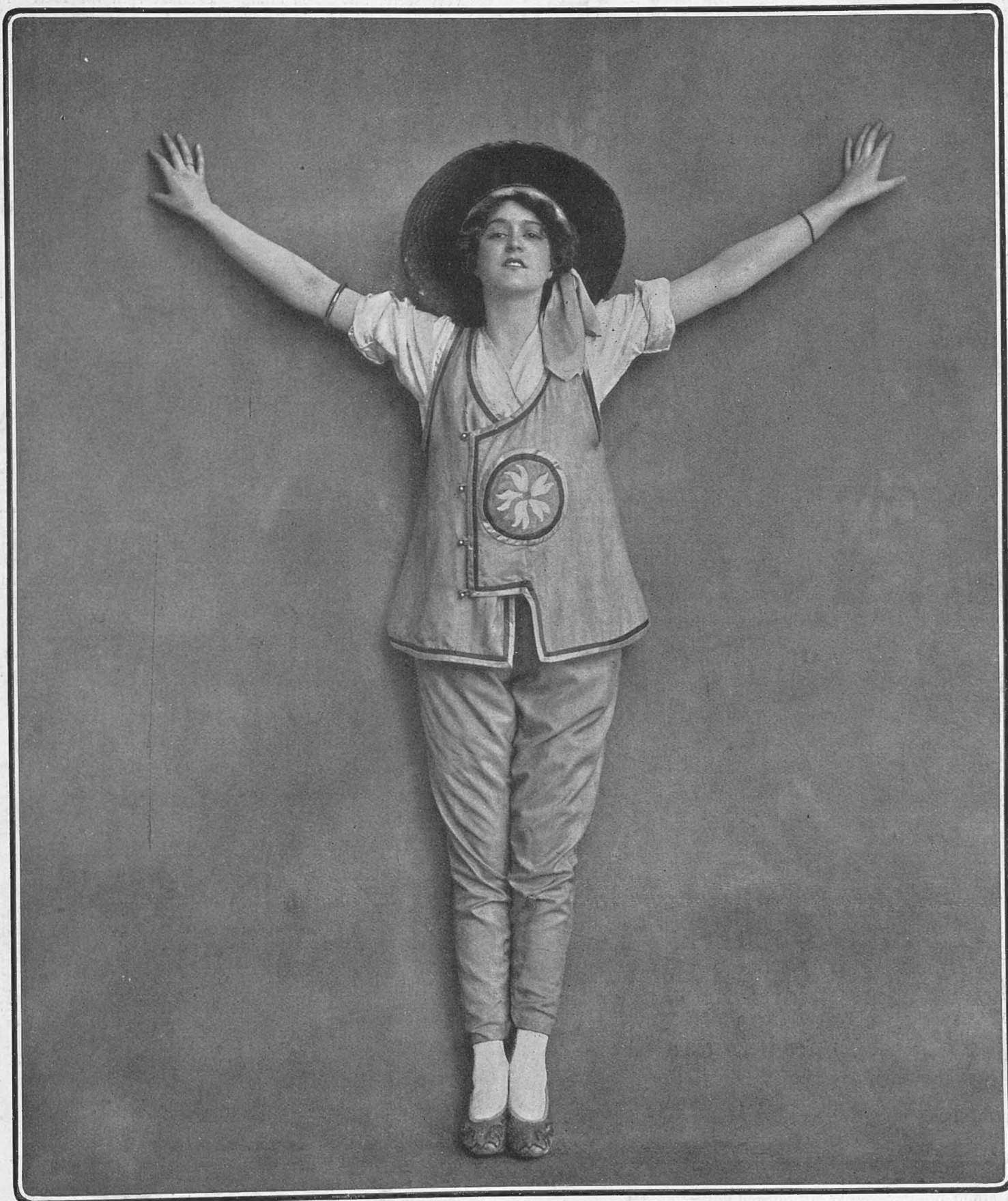


# The Sketch

No. 703.—Vol. LV.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1906.

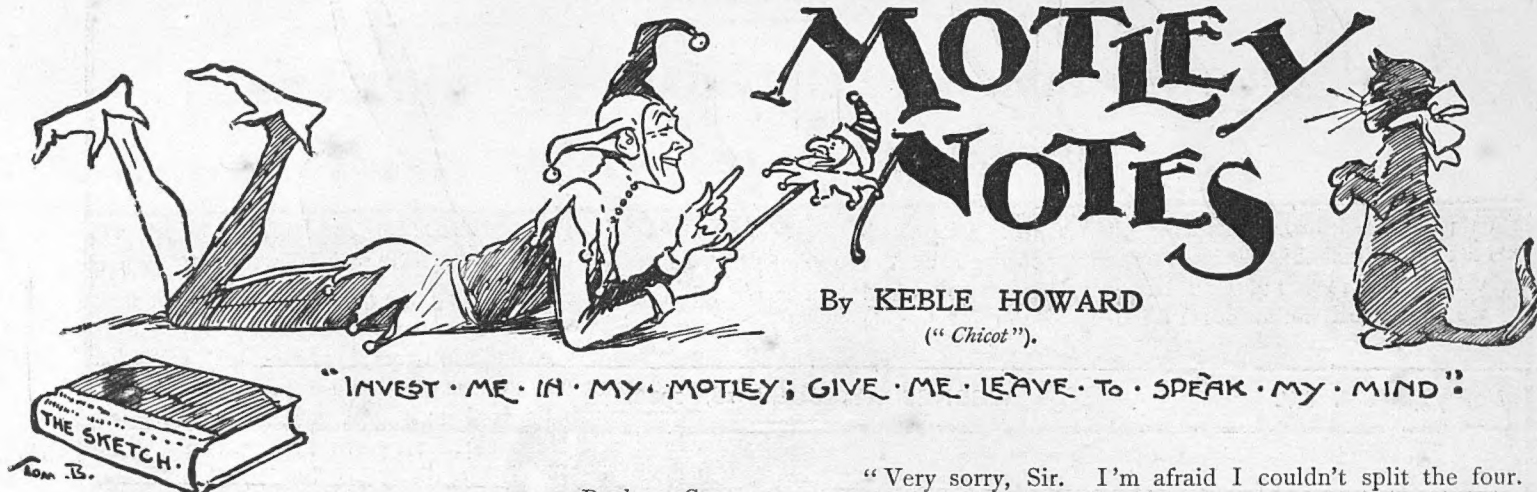
SIXPENCE.



SO-HIE ASKS "HOW HIGH?" MISS GABRIELLE RAY AS THE BOY ATTENDANT IN "SEE-SEE,"  
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*





Daydream Cove.

I FIND that it is just as true as ever it was that sea-air makes people mad. People, that is to say, who are not accustomed to it. 'Longshoremen, and others who live all the year round at the very edge of the waves, are as sane as Londoners, and they take splendid advantage, as I shall presently show you, of the temporary insanity of their visitors. Everybody at Daydream Cove, with the exception of the residents, is as mad as a hatter. The stout, middle-aged ladies who leave their boots and stockings in the charge of some wholly irresponsible infant, raise their petticoats high enough to display a pair of very stout calves, and wander aimlessly through the thin surf, are mad. The young girls, otherwise so charming and attractive, who insult Nature by dancing and bobbing about in ill-fitting bathing-dresses, and spend nearly all the rest of the day walking to and fro with rat-tail hair strewn across their shoulders, are mad. The old gentlemen who sit for hours on piles of stones, lose their tempers in the effort to find a comfortable position, and tear their precious newspapers to shreds whilst trying to find the leader-page, are mad. The young men who wear the latest type of soft collar, affect hats that ever must ever be held down with the handle of a stick, and, in the surreptitious moonlight, squeeze the fingers of ladies to whom they have been and hope still to be comparative strangers, are mad.

I said that the residents take splendid advantage of the temporary insanity of their visitors. Here is an instance—at any rate, an instance of a fine attempt. The distance from Daydream Cove to the railway-station is rather less than a mile-and-a-half. I gave my cabman half-a-crown. I had no luggage save one bag and a walking-stick.

"Scuse me, Sir," he said, smiling after the manner of an old friend, and one prepared to show indulgence, "the fare's three-and-sixpence from the station."

"Last year," I said, "it was half-a-crown."

"Ah!" the smile broadened. He was not in the least abashed to find that I had been to Daydream Cove before. "That's by the ordinary trains, Sir. We always charge three-and-six by this train."

"Why?"

"Well, yer see, Sir, there's always more comes by this train."

"Rubbish! I shall give you half-a-crown."

"Very good, Sir, since you put it in that way." And the old ruffian pocketed the half-crown, and drove away whistling a merry tune.

This morning, athirst for civilisation, I cycled into the nearest town. Passing a tie-shop, I thought I would buy myself a couple of washing ties. I had a cumbersome quantity in London, but none at Daydream Cove.

"I want some washing ties," I said.

"Yes, Sir. A lovely day again, Sir." He was a short, stout man, with a reddish face and watery blue eyes. "Would this be the kind of thing you required, Sir?"

"That'll do. How much are they?"

"Four for the shilling, Sir."

"Thanks. I'll take these two."

"I'm afraid we couldn't sell you two, Sir. We only sell them at four for the shilling. You can see it marked on the box for yourself."

"But I don't want four. I want two. Can't you sell me two for sixpence?"

"I'm afraid not, Sir. Four for the shilling—that's the way we sell them."

"But why should I be compelled to buy four ties when I only want two? I'll give you sixpence for two."

"Very sorry, Sir. I'm afraid I couldn't split the four. Four for the shilling. That's the —"

"Then I'm afraid we can't trade. Good morning."

"One moment, Sir. I'll just speak to the guv'nor. I shouldn't like to do it on my own responsibility."

He retired to the back of the shop, paused a second or two behind a bale of flannel, and came back rejoicing.

"It's all right, Sir. The guv'nor is willing to oblige you this once. What else might I have the pleasure of showing you?"

We are infested with tramps at Daydream Cove, and, on the strength of the Camberley scare, they do a brisk business. Among the feminine portion of the population, there seems to be an idea that if you prove to a tramp that you possess money by giving him some, he will thereafter leave you in peace. The best way, of course, to deal with a tramp is to look him full in the face, commit his features and any other peculiarities to memory, let him see that you are doing it, and, in the meantime, ply him with the following questions—

- (1) Where are you going?
- (2) Where have you come from?
- (3) Where was your last job?
- (4) What was the name of your employer?
- (5) Why did you leave him?
- (6) How long will it take you to get to the next village?

If he shows any unwillingness to answer, put your hand in your pocket as though in search of a penny. The cross-examination concluded, you can give him a penny, or sixpence, or a shilling, or nothing at all, just as you think fit. But it is extremely unlikely that any tramp with a bad conscience (or record, rather) will linger in the neighbourhood of so inquisitive a person. Don't give him time, by the way, to invent false replies.

Somebody has been saying, I observe, that, in consequence of the insufferable conceit of the modern bachelor, a girl is afraid to talk nicely to him lest he should think that she wishes to marry him. As a matter of fact, a girl always talks nicely to a man until she has reason to believe that he is a little bit in love with her. Then, by way of completing the job, she makes the poor fellow's life a burden to him. At the first meeting, for example, they talk in this way—

HE. Awfully jolly down here, isn't it?

SHE. Ripping. The roads are splendid for cycling, don't you think?

HE. Rather. Do you cycle?

SHE. Oh, yes. Do you?

HE. Oh, yes. (Pause.) Have you been down here long?

SHE. Nearly three weeks. Have you?

HE. Oh, no, I only came the day before yesterday.

And so on. A week later, though, when afternoon rides and after-supper strolls have done their deadly work, the tone of the conversation changes—

HE. Awfully jolly down here, isn't it?

SHE. Not bad. Some of the people are rather dull.

HE. I don't think so. I—I like them awfully.

SHE. Very nice and condescending of you to say so.

HE. But I mean it, really. I've enjoyed this last week tremendously.

SHE. Sorry I can't say the same.

HE. I didn't think you were so frightfully bored as all that.

SHE. I suppose you think nobody ought to be bored in your fascinating society?

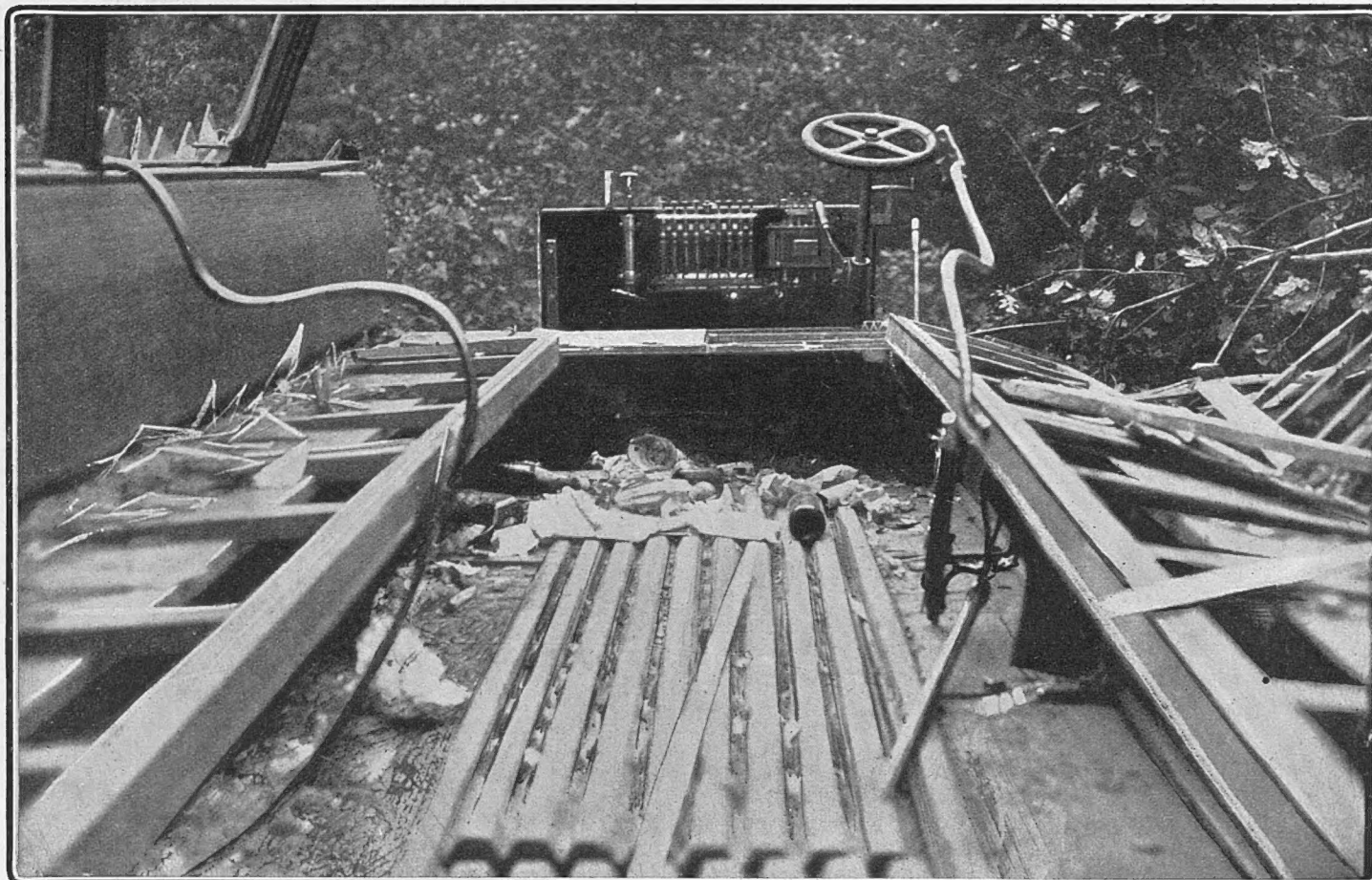
HE. Don't be a beast!

SHE. Thank you, Mr. Nobody-Jones! Good night! (Lingers.)



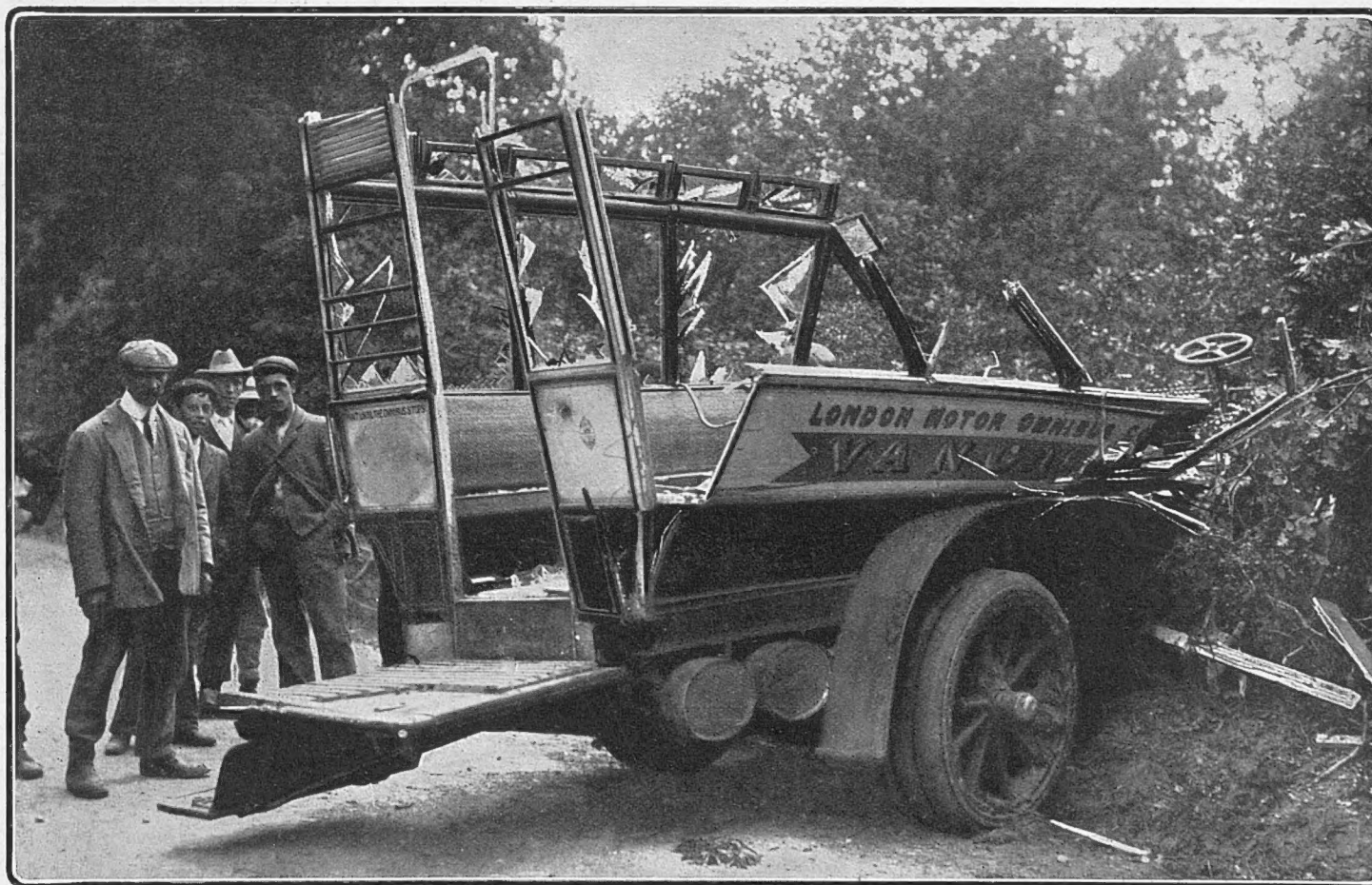
## THE MOTOR-'BUS AS THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT:

THE TERRIBLE DISASTER ON HANDCROSS HILL.



ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE RUNAWAY VANGUARD AFTER THE DISASTER, IN WHICH TEN PEOPLE WERE KILLED: THE FLOOR OF THE 'BUS (SHOWING HOW THE TOP OF IT WAS STRIPPED OFF), THE STEERING-WHEEL, AND THE BRAKE LEVER.

By far the worst disaster that has happened to any motor vehicle used on the roads occurred last week on Handcross Hill to a Vanguard motor-'bus carrying a holiday party from Orpington to Brighton. As the 'bus began to descend the hill, the driver, for some reason unknown, lost control.—



THE END OF A MODERN JUGGERNAUT CAR'S CAREER: A SIDE VIEW OF THE WRECKED VANGUARD.

—The vehicle of course gathered pace at a terrific rate, and eventually dashed into an oak-tree by the side of the road. Ten of the thirty-six people in the 'bus were killed, eight of them instantaneously, and twenty-four injured more or less seriously. The state of the 'bus itself may be judged from our illustrations. On the floor of the 'bus may be noted broken bottles, evidently a portion of the excursionists' lunch.

*Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Mont St. Jean Farm an Unimportant Spot—English Unpopular in Spain—President Diaz's G.C.B.—The Frenchman's Six-Day Working Week—Colonel Picquart.*

WHEN I read that the Mont St. Jean farm was to be destroyed, and that a villa with a garage was to be built in its place, I felt for a moment that one of the great landmarks of the battlefield of Waterloo was about to disappear. It was only when I took down from my bookcase an account of the battle and looked at the map that I recalled the exact position of the farm and the part it played in the battle. It is immediately behind the position held by the British centre, and it is more important for what did not happen there than for what did. Had Napoleon followed up his success when he captured La Haye Sainte, we should have heard much in history concerning Mont St. Jean.

Wellington is said to have rested for a time at the farm; but I fancy that he never went near it during the battle, his position during the long waiting hours being under an elm-tree, and I believe that some of the shaken front-line troops were reformed there; but it is not one of the really important spots on the battlefield, and not one visitor out of twenty spares the time to go back along the Brussels road as far as the farm, and then to go still further to the village of Waterloo to see the monuments in the church. I have been to both, but Mont St. Jean left no impression on my memory. So long as tourists do not utterly destroy Hougomont by taking away relics, that the position of La Haye Sainte is marked, and the hamlets where Ziethen came to the aid of the British left, and Plancenoit, where Blucher's guns pounded the mass of Napoleon's army in confused retreat, remain, I do not think that we need any of us have our hearts wrung because M. Maddux has given £2800 for the farm, and is going to build a comfortable house for himself there. I would advise anyone who feels at all doubtful as to the position of the farm and the part the troops massed in front of it played in the battle to go to the banqueting-room at Whitehall and look at the big model of the battle in the museum.

Speaking to a man who knows his Spain well, talks Spanish fluently, and has just been wandering through Andalusia, I remarked that no doubt the English were very popular just now in Spain, and I was surprised to hear that this is by no means the case. The peasants are always civil and courteous to all comers, but in the

Our new Minister to Mexico is to take out with him the Star of the G.C.B., which has been conferred on President Porfirio Diaz. I believe that in conferring this Order the King has made a precedent, for it is not usual to admit the President of any Republic to the ranks of any Order unless he visits this country in his official capacity or receives our ruler in his Republic. President Diaz, however, is such a distinguished ruler, has been President of Mexico for so many years, and has been of such great service to his land, that if a custom had to be broken down he was undoubtedly the President in whose favour it should be done. None of the other European countries are so

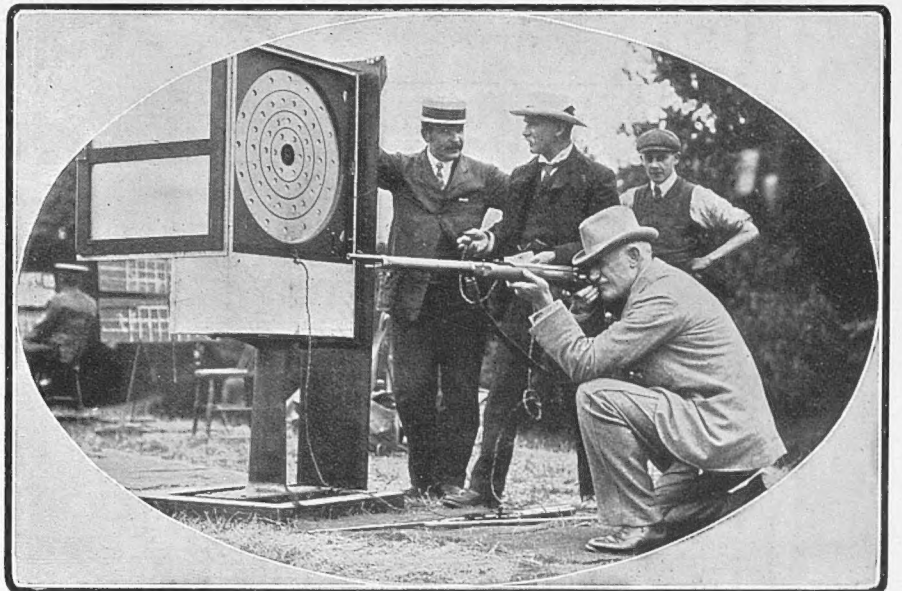


Photo. Bowden Bros.

WILL MARKERS AT THE BUTTS BE ABOLISHED? LORD CHEYLESMORE FIRING AT THE PETERS SELF-REGISTERING ELECTRIC TARGET AT BISLEY.

The dummy target shown on the right of the marksman indicates exactly the spot hit on the actual target. If generally taken up, it will cause the abolition of the markers at the butts.

particular in this matter as we are, and President Diaz had received a decoration from almost every monarchy except our own before he was given his Bath. As there is more English capital sunk in Mexico than any other country has invested—except, perhaps, America—Englishmen should be pleased that the President, who likes their countrymen, should wear a British star. I wish I were at liberty to tell the story of the manner in which the attention of the Foreign Office was called to the matter: it is a very pretty one.

The French workman is not to be allowed to work on Sundays, and this means to many of his kind two days' holiday a week. I have had considerable experience of workmen lately in the north of France, and I have found that Monday is the day on which one can never be sure that the men will turn up, or that they will do any work if they do put in an appearance. The French carpenter or bricklayer or plasterer works hard all Sunday morning, and often all Sunday afternoon, but Sunday evening is the occasion on which he holds high revel in a cabaret, sings, thumps the table, talks politics, and drinks more wine or spirits than is good for him. On Monday he is more inclined to quarrel and talk politics than to work, and he generally does not work. It is not till Tuesday that he becomes his good-natured, industrious self again.

Of all the people who have suffered in the tangle of false witness and prejudice and injustice which is called the Dreyfus case, Colonel Picquart is, I think, the finest figure. There is a unanimous feeling of pity for Dreyfus the martyr, but his personality is not a sympathetic one. It is otherwise with the bluff, straightforward soldier who, on

the high road to a great position, was exiled, driven from the Army, and imprisoned because, as head of the Intelligence Department, he felt sure that Captain Dreyfus had been falsely accused; and he faced, in the cause of justice, to defeat a lie, the certainty of the wrath of the Army and the displeasure of its chiefs. Dreyfus, Zola, Picquart will be remembered as the three men who suffered most through gross injustice, and I think that history will record that Picquart had most to lose by the noble part he played.

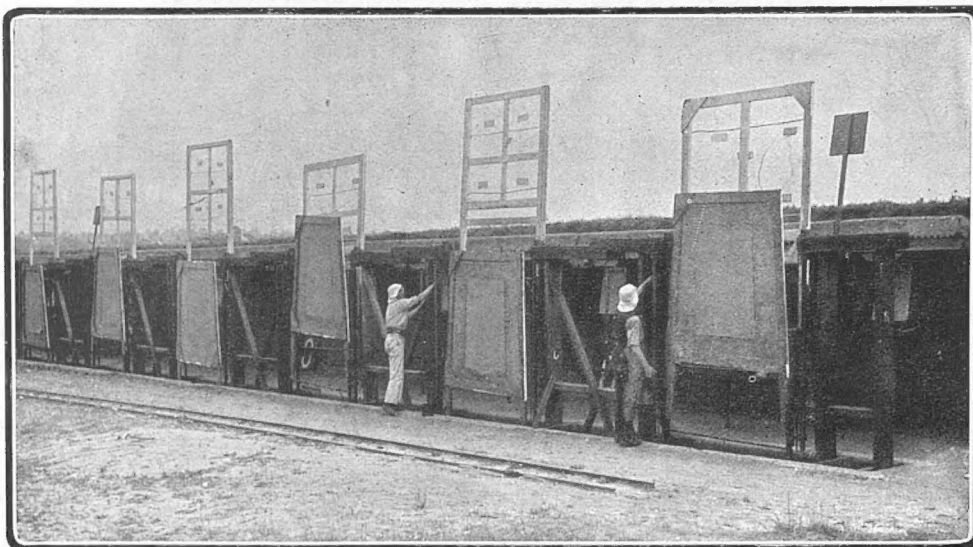


Photo. Park.

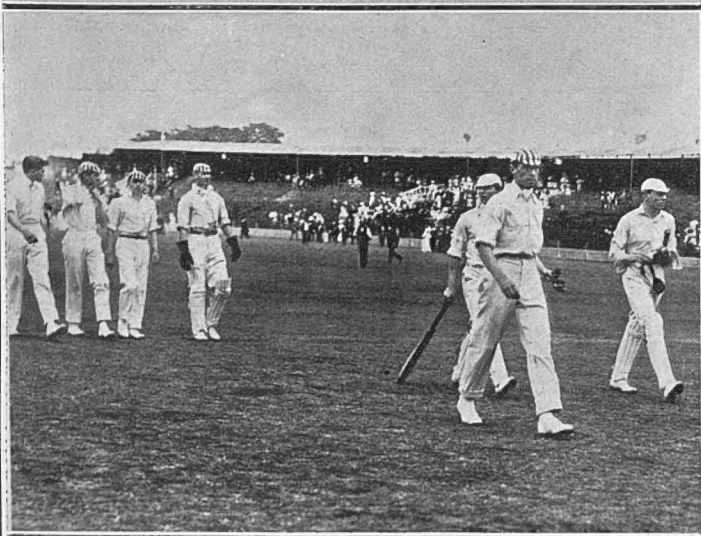
THE "WRONG SIDE" OF BISLEY: WORKING THE TARGETS.

towns the lower classes have quite misconstrued traditional British hospitality, and are persuaded that there is some form of unholy alliance between England and the Anarchists. They know that the Anarchists generally come from England, and they cannot understand that they should find an asylum there unless they were welcome guests. It was no doubt owing to this feeling that the British gentleman wrongly arrested in Madrid after the bomb accident was so very severely handled.

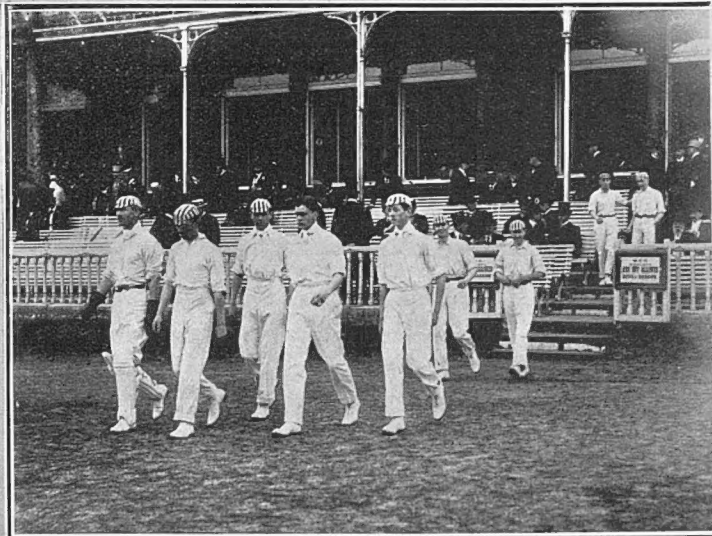


## SOCIETY'S OWN CRICKET MATCH:

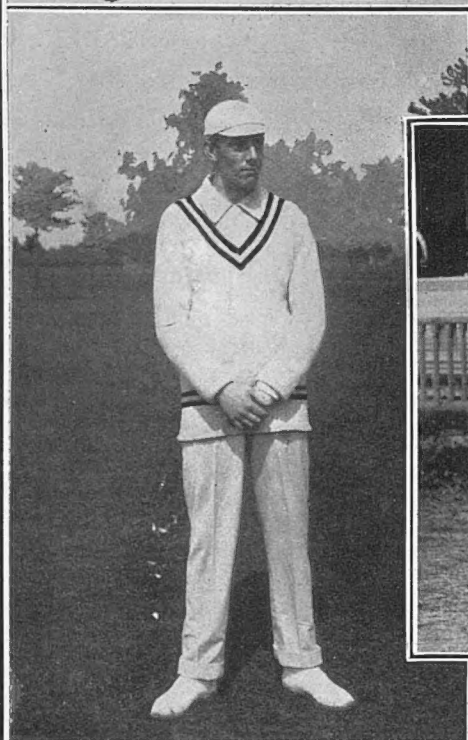
ETON V. HARROW AT LORD'S.



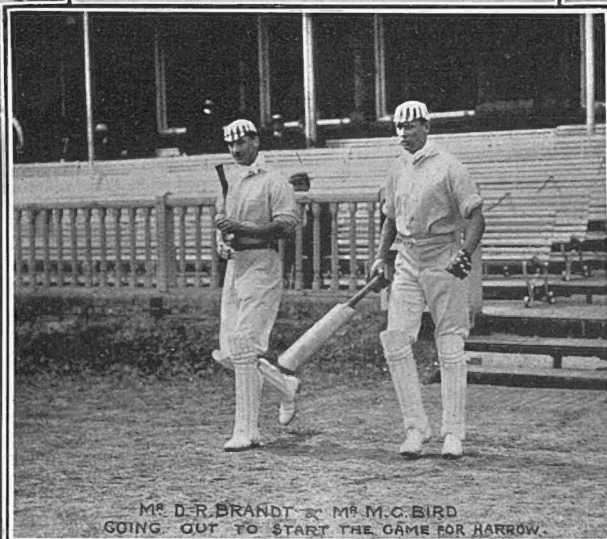
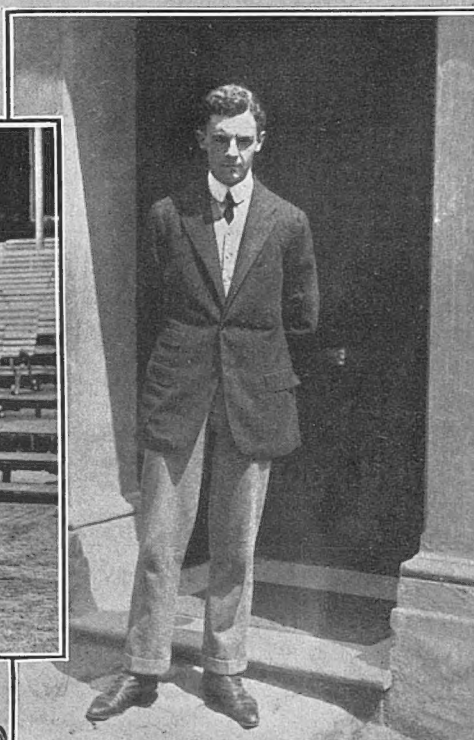
HARROW COMING IN TO LUNCH.



HARROW GOING OUT TO FIELD.



THE ETON CAPT. MR. G. E. HATFIELD.

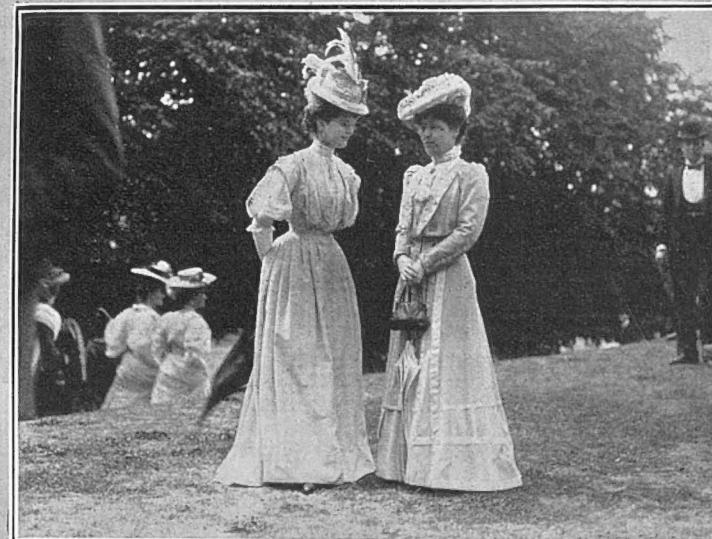
MR. D. R. BRANDT & MR. M. C. BIRD  
GOING OUT TO START THE GAME FOR HARROW.

THE HARROW CAPT. MR. E. H. CRAKE.

HARROW 1906



THE SOCIAL SIDE: SOME OF THE COACHES.

THE SOCIAL SIDE: THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE  
(ON RIGHT)

Eton beat Harrow, after some most exciting play, by four wickets. The best scores for Harrow were made by Mr. R. E. Eilcart (54 and 8), Mr. E. H. Crake (68 and 2), and Mr. M. Falcon (13 and 79); for Eton by Mr. J. Pearson Gregory (90 and 45), Mr. K. L. Gibson (77 and 3), Mr. H. S. Hatfield (37 and 16 not), and Mr. C. A. Gold (57 and 2).

Portraits of Captains by Halfones, Ltd.; other Photographs by Bowden Bros.



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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Season, in a formal sense, may be said to have ended last week with the Court on Friday, but the Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to go on entertaining and being entertained till the end of the month. Their Majesties will probably be at Cowes, and during the next fortnight the King will pay a number of short informal visits, including one to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Compton Place, the Duke

heights never reached by companies "on the road." Each year the girls of Vassar give some standard play, and the last to be presented was Barrie's "Little Minister," which was performed in a finished manner that called forth the admiration of Miss Maude Adams—the original Lady Babbie in the States—who sat through the performance and declared it to be "almost" equal to her own presentation at the Empire Theatre, New York. It might be remarked here that these performances are always strictly private, only the parents of the girls being allowed to be present—not the girls' brothers; and even the photographs, which are published exclusively by *The Sketch*, were taken, not by a man, but by a lady, who, after considerable trouble, obtained permission to snapshot.

### *The L.C.C. as Makers of False History.*

THE L. C. C. seem bent on making false as well as real history. They are likely to open to the public, presumably under the title by which it is generally known—"The Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey"—17, Fleet Street, recently restored at very considerable cost. If "Old and New London" may be believed, and there is not the slightest reason for discrediting it, the only Henry VIII. likely to have visited

the place was a wax figure in Mrs. Salmon's famous "Royal Court of England," once on show there. As for Wolsey, it is possible that the house was built by his orders by Sir Amyas Paulet, who was short-sighted enough to put Wolsey, then a parish priest, in the stocks for brawling, and, years later, was confined by command of the all-powerful Cardinal in the building in question or in another close to it. Anyway, Sir Amyas had his prison reconstructed, and embellished its front with the Cardinal's badge. All that can be said of No. 17 with certainty is that it was in turn the office of the Duchy of Cornwall—this in the time of James I.; the famous Nando's coffee-house, in which Thurlow got his first brief; and, as already noted, the abiding-place of the waxworks belonging to Mrs. Salmon, worthy predecessor of Madame Tussaud.

### *On the Road to the Lord Chief Justiceship?*

Lord Coleridge, in going on circuit as a Commissioner of Assize, may be regarded as on the high road to the position which his father so long filled—the Lord Chief Justiceship of England. In many respects the father lives again in the son. In the latter is reproduced the voice of silver that lent charm and beauty to everything his father said. Sheffield grinders are not the politest of men, but when the present Lord Coleridge went to the Steel City as a youngster to appeal for the Attercliffe suffrages, they were so charmed by the magic of his voice that even those not in favour of his views feared to interrupt lest they should lose a syllable. It is to be hoped that Lord Coleridge does not inherit the absent-mindedness which was once a family characteristic. The father of the poet went a journey with a knapsack containing half-a-dozen clean shirts on his back. Upon his return the shirts were missing. "You told me to put one on each day," he said to his inquiring wife, "and I have done so." She had not said anything about taking one off, so he had on all the seven.

### *The Marchioness of Donegall and Her Son.*

When Queen Victoria was informed that exactly a century had elapsed between the first marriage of the late Lord Leicester and the second marriage of the present Peer she could not believe it: the lapse of time passed belief. What, then, would her Majesty have said had she lived to hear of the birth of her youngest Admiral, the baby Marquess of Donegall? Between his birth and that of his father eighty-one years and four months elapsed! The boy, who is now a thriving young Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, and Governor of Carrickfergus Castle, was born two and three-quarter years ago, a year after the marriage of his parents. His mother, who was Miss Violet Gertrude Twining, daughter of the late Mr. Henry St. George Twining, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, was at the time three-and-twenty, her husband, as we have indicated, over eighty-one. The father lived for seven months to enjoy the society of his heir, his first-born child and his last. He had been thrice married, but there had been no issue of either of the first two unions.

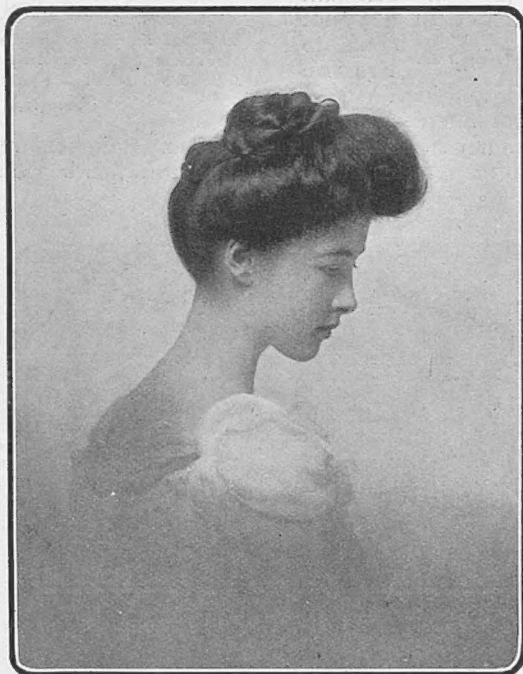
### *Lovely Man Impersonated by Handsome Woman.*

As we note under the Illustrations, "Lovely Man Impersonated by Handsome Woman," on another page of this Number, in American girls' colleges the amusements which vie most with each other in point of popularity are basket-ball and acting. Vassar is especially famous for the latter, and many of the plays presented in the college theatre during the graduate course rise to histrionic



YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF A BOSTON MILLIONAIRE:  
MISS BUNNY LAWSON.

*Photograph by Boston Photo. News Company.*



DAUGHTER OF A BOSTON MILLIONAIRE:  
MISS MARION LAWSON.

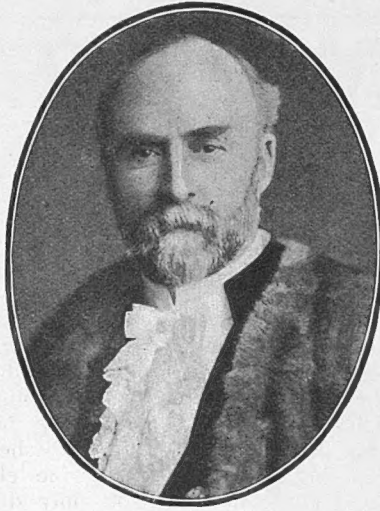
Miss Marion Lawson and her sister Dorothy, daughters of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston millionaire, left America towards the end of June for a tour of Europe. They are chaperoned by Miss Agnes Oliver, and they are not likely to return home before October. Their eldest sister is Mrs. Eben Stanwood junior; their youngest, Miss Bunny Lawson, whose portrait we give.

*Photograph by the Litchfield Studio.*



### A Young Chemist's Gilded Pill.

A young man is steaming across the Indian Ocean to claim £20,000 in France. Would you not like to be going to Paris on such an errand? His name is Pougnet, and he lives at Port Louis, in the island of Mauritius. Once upon a time, of course, Mauritius was French, but now it is British, and so Pougnet is a subject of Edward VII. But he has French blood in his veins, and he likes to read the French newspapers. He decided to buy a ticket in the second Press Lottery, which was recently drawn in Paris. Well, he won the *gros lot*. For weeks no one knew who the happy man was. All sorts of guesses were made. Was it Dreyfus? Was it the German Emperor (there is obviously no connection)? Was it Liane de Pougy? No one knew. Nor was it surprising. Mauritius is twenty-five days' sail from the Seine, and as they do not cable out the winning numbers, Pougnet was only aware of his own luck on the arrival of the mail with the list in the newspapers. Hitherto our child of fortune has been an assistant



NEWCASTLE'S FIRST LORD MAYOR:  
SIR J. BAXTER ELLIS.

On the occasion of the King's visit to Newcastle-on-Tyne His Majesty was pleased to knight the Mayor, Alderman J. Baxter Ellis, and to command that henceforward the chief magistrate of the city shall be known as Lord Mayor.

Photograph by Kent and Lacey.

in a chemist's shop; but £20,000 hardly spell pills and potions, do they?

### Bachelor Sportsmen.

The two best polo-players in the House of Commons are Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Frank Mildmay, bachelors both. Mr. Mildmay is about to pass over to the Benedicks, his marriage to Miss Alice Grenfell being fixed for Wednesday next. A friend of the King, he has a goodly heritage, his father having left him a fine estate in Devonshire as well as a considerable fortune.

everything was in order, and the electricians were at their wits' end, when suddenly one of the engineers remembered that the wires of the Italian system are slightly smaller than those on the French side. The effect is exactly the same as if they had tried to run trains on lines of different gauges, and the consequence is that the opening of the service will have to be six months later than was calculated.

### Sisowath à la Française.

Sisowath has not come to France for nothing. We are not referring to the money side of it—though his entertainment represents £40,000—but to the reforms that he will initiate when he gets back. The King is

is a son of "Miss Braddon," and an interesting example of hereditary talent. His new novel will appear during his honeymoon. Yet another marriage of moment to readers and writers of books is that of Edmée Daudet, the only daughter of Alphonse of that ilk, to a promising Parisian author, André Germain. Edmée Daudet, as a little girl, accompanied her parents on their notable visit to England in the mid 'nineties, and she was present at most of the gatherings given in honour of the great French writer. Mlle. Daudet was the godchild of Edmond de Goncourt, and he left her a very fine necklace of pearls, which he began collecting during the year of her birth.

### The Paris-Rome Telephone Useless!

An amusing incident occurred when the telephone line from Paris to Rome was completed. When the line was finished, a few months ago, the officials began to test it by a preliminary conversation, but, to their surprise, they found that they could not hear a word from either side. The apparatus was most carefully overhauled, but



THE DAUGHTER OF A CRACK REVOLVER-SHOT:  
MISS WINANS.

Miss Winans was presented at the Court of July 13. Her father, Mr. Walter Winans, has just won the revolver championship of Holland.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

A sportsman himself, he encourages his tenants to become good shots, and has a miniature rifle-range on one of his farms. His devotion to country life once placed him in a curious predicament. He found that small-pox had broken out where he had been week-ending. His vote was wanted in Parliament, but the Whips had to decide whether they would lose the vote or run the risk of infection. They declared for safety, and Mr. Mildmay went into quarantine for a week.

### Two Literary Betrothals.

The fortunate author of "Vivien," last summer's most-discussed novel, will be married towards the end of this month to Miss Sydney Moore. Mr. W. B. Maxwell, as all the world of literature knows,



MR. HARRY K. THAW'S TITLED SISTER:  
THE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH.

The Countess of Yarmouth was Miss Alice Cornelia Thaw, of Pittsburg. She married the Earl of Yarmouth, eldest son and heir of the Marquess of Hertford, three years ago.

Photograph by Langflier.



SOCIETY'S OWN "JOEY": THE CLOWN TAKES TEA WITH THE YOUNGSTERS AT RANELAGH.  
The Children's Fête at Ranelagh last week was visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, and Princess Christian.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

going to suppress the time-honoured national "sham-pot." No longer will that stranger fantastic garment—half kilt and half bloomer—adorn the lower limbs of royalty and its people—at least, not if the King knows it. He is going in for French fashions, if you please. Instead of the wonderful, shimmering, multi-coloured coat and the superannuated "sham-pot" Sisowath intends to have a uniform à la Française. Nevertheless, he will go one better than the model and throw in a few decorations. His own people will not know him when King Siso struts into his native Pnôm-Penh.





THE HON. MRS. COULSON FELLOWES, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

*A Home of Sport.* Mr. Coulson Fellowes (eldest son and heir of Lord de Ramsey) and his bride, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson, are spending their honeymoon at Haverland Hall, his father's fine place in Norfolk. The county is not what it used to be for sport—what county nowadays is?—but as a handy man with gun and rod, in the saddle and in the boat, Mr. Fellowes will not lack diversion. But that Norfolk of other days! Otters were so plentiful that half-a-dozen men captured seventeen brace in a couple of months. The country-side was alive with hares and rabbits; herons, ruffs, reeves, wild duck, and

bustards teemed, and the area was so favourable to sport that it was here that Sir William Wodehouse first introduced the decoy-bird system into England. Such a sporting county had the right men. Norfolk against the rest of England at cricket for £500 was not an uncommon challenge. It was Norfolk which gave the world the untamable Walpole, who had red-deer, fleet as birds, as steeds for his coach-and-four.

*Bodmin and Mrs. Sandys.*

That woman may be a power in politics, and yet not be a Suffragette, is proved once again by the gallant fight Mrs. Sandys is "putting up" on behalf of her husband, the would-be Unionist member for Bodmin. Last week Mr. Sandys had a touch of malarial fever, and had to "stand by." Mrs. Sandys had already been helping him in his campaign, and so it was that she was able to take the task of wooing the electors upon her own shoulders. Not only did she address several meetings, but she is said to have captured the heart of Liskeard, a worthy record for a young lady not yet out of her teens, and faced by a very formidable opponent in Mrs. Freeman Thomas, wife of the Liberal candidate. At Fowey, by the way, her husband and herself find one of their strongest political enemies in Mr. Quiller Couch, the well-known novelist.



FIGHTING FOR HER HUSBAND AT BODMIN: MRS. GEORGE SANDYS.

Photograph by Thomson.



THE LIEUTENANT AND THE CARPENTER IN WORKING KIT—SNATCHING A HASTY MEAL DURING THE ATTEMPT TO SALVE THE "MONTAGUE."

It seems doubtful whether it will be possible to save the "Montague," although officers and men alike are working their hardest to achieve this end.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

home and placed it in a large tank of water. Every day he went to look at it and fed it with flies, which it swallowed greedily, and grew so tame that whenever he approached, it came to the side and asked for food. As the trout seemed so domesticated, Mr. Allen put it in a stream which runs close by his house, but the fish refused to take advantage of its liberty, and whenever he went to the river it came up and wagged its tail with the pleasure of seeing him. But whenever Mr. Allen takes a friend with him, the fish refuses to come to the surface, and hides itself until the friend has departed. Mr. Allen is usually considered a very truthful man.



SOCIETY PLAYWRIGHT AND ACTRESS: MISS AIMÉE LOWTHER, WHO RECENTLY APPEARED AT STAFFORD HOUSE AS PIERROT IN A PANTOMIME WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Photograph by Maude A. Craigie-Halkett.

*A Queen of the Air.*

"When in England, do as the ballooning English do," appears to be the motto of Princess Teano, who has recently been indulging freely in the delirious delights of travel by airship. She may the more cheerfully adopt the motto from the fact that she has English blood in her veins. Although she was born at Colonna a Vittoria, she is the granddaughter of Lady Walsingham by that lady's second marriage with the Duke of Santo Teodoro. The Princess's own marriage to Prince Teano, the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Sermoneta, five years ago, had an added interest for her friends in this country from the fact that the bride's mother-in-law is a relative of Lord Lathom. The Prince and Princess have one child, a handsome little fellow, Don Onorato, who bids fair to equal his mother in her perfect command of English as well as of Italian. He is brought over here with his parents each summer, and when not staying with Lady Walsingham at her beautiful place in Norfolk, revels in the delights of the seaside in thoroughly English fashion. So far he has not been ballooning, but he is so passionately devoted to his beautiful young mother that he will soon be following her in her loftiest aerial flights.

*A Fish Story.*

The stories told by fishermen have acquired a reputation which the following little tale from America will do nothing to sully. There lives in Franklin, Pennsylvania, a certain Mr. Allen, who a short time ago caught a trout a foot long. He was unwilling to eat so fine a fish, and so he took it



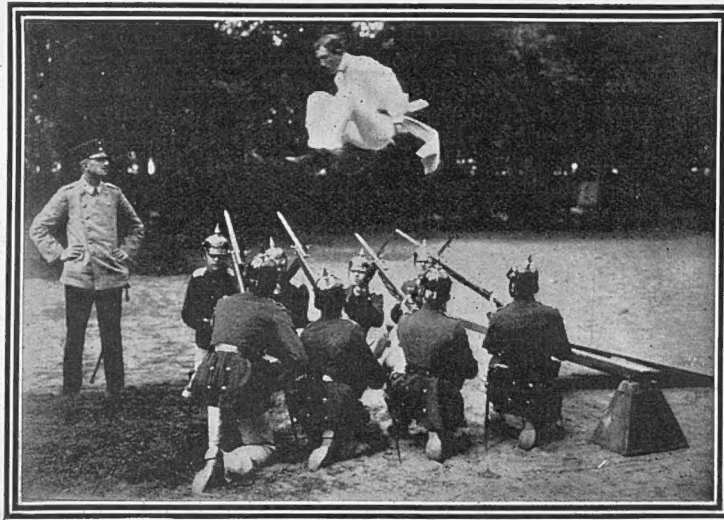
SON OF A QUEEN OF THE AIR: DON ONORATO, CHILD OF PRINCESS TEANO, WHO HAS MADE SEVERAL BALLOON ASCENTS RECENTLY.

Photograph by Alessandri.



### The Birth of a New Army.

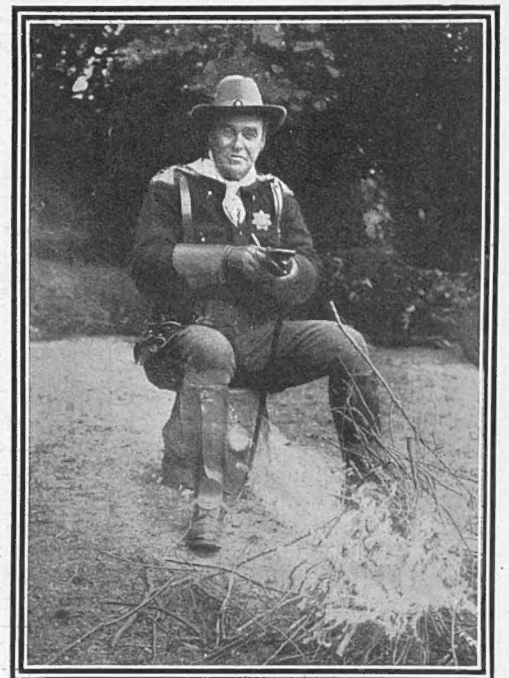
The first fire of a new army has been lighted: the world has a new fighting force, the fighting force of "The Lost Legion." The Legion of Frontiersmen have made their first bivouac, not, indeed, as they would have wished it, under a sky reddened by the glare of battle, but that they might notify in time of peace that they will be ready in time of strife. "The Lost," in a word, have found their vocation—or, we should say with greater accuracy, one of their vocations—they are becoming an arm of Imperial defence, and they aim at being the Intelligence branch of the Service when the God of War calls for sacrifice. The Kipling title should not be long with them. They may not write to their own people, but assuredly their own people will hear from them, by deed, if not by word. They represent the true Frontiersmen, men



A NERVE-TESTING DRILL: A GERMAN CADET JUMPING A BARRIER OF BAYONETS.

Photograph by Dannenberg and Co.

hand, "boots" in a hotel for navvies, milkman's book-keeper, log-hauler, railroad navy, book agent, peddler of photographs, dairyman, and trooper in the North-West Police—all in two years. While trooper, he took part in the forced march of forty-two miles a day for seven days made from Regina to Prince Albert in a vain endeavour to prevent the North-West Rebellion; but it was not his fortune to finish, save under the Red Cross. Half-way he was frozen, and so was invalided with a pension. Next, he was civil servant, trader, war-correspondent, missionary, seaman with Yokohama pirates, robbing the warehouses of seal-rookeries; free-lance journalist in British Columbia, special correspondent at Kootenay mining-camp, then a new creation; photographer, keeper of a cigar-stand, painter of photographs, and newspaper agent in the Blue Mountains. Then home called, and he started as a novelist; but it was not long before he was back in the wilds as cowboy in Alberta, gold-miner, and captain of a pack-train. A little later, he placed to his credit what is probably the longest lone ride on record—from Fort McLeod, Canada, to the City of Mexico, 3600 miles of rough country, covered in 200 days. In the South African War,

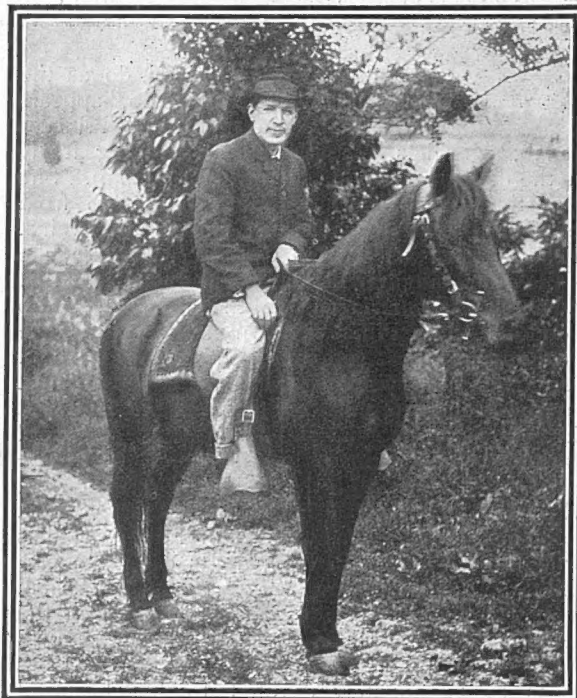


THE MAN WHO STOLE A BATTLESHIP: MR. DE HORA, OF THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN.

The London Commandant of the Legion of Frontiersmen has had many adventures, and at the age of three-and-twenty stole the warship "Huascar" from Peru, and committed piracy on the high seas by stopping a British tramp-steamer and taking its coal. He is a mining engineer.

Photograph by Bassano.

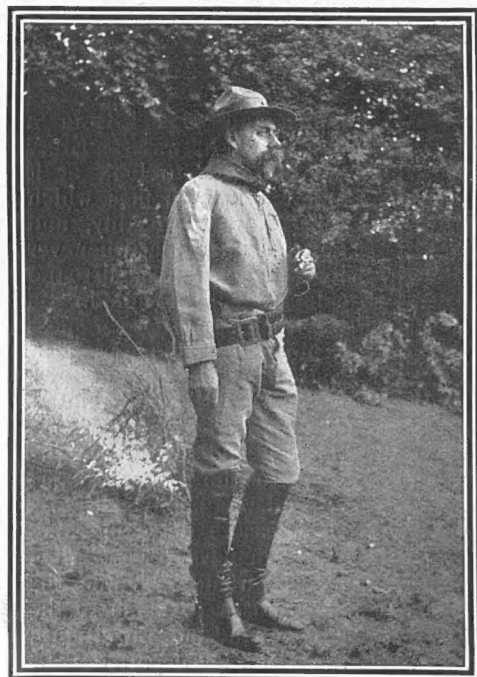
He was badly beaten, but escaped, only to find it necessary to surrender to the ruling Government. His next expedition, made in partnership with the ex-revolutionary leader, ended in the discovery of the famous Maghellan treasure—two millions in a sunken Spanish galleon of the seventeenth century, spoil promptly confiscated by a schooner sent by the Argentine Government, whose capital Mr. de Hora entered a little later at the head of three hundred cow-boys from the Rio Negro, who "made hay." It was he, also, who led Colonel North's exploring expedition from Brazil to Ecuador. Thus adventure followed adventure until the South African War broke out. At that time he was acting as mining engineer in Johannesburg, and seeing the state the city was likely to get into he raised a corps of 600 neutrals to act as armed police. These did their work until the arrival of Lord Roberts, when their organiser formally handed over the place to the care of Captain Walter Kirton—also, by the way, of the London command. Surely a difficult record to eclipse.



THE NOVELIST WHO DISCLOSED THE CHICAGO MEAT-PACKING HORRORS: MR. UPTON SINCLAIR, AUTHOR OF "THE JUNGLE."

The influence of "The Jungle" may be judged from the fact that whereas the imports of tinned meats to the Albert Docks, London, from Boston and New Orleans for July of last year were 24,000 cases, this month there have been up to the present no imports.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



FOUNDER OF A NEW ARMY: MR. ROGER POCOCK, OF THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN.

The Legion of Frontiersmen held a garden fête, for the purpose of assisting their funds, at the Botanic Gardens last week. The first fire of the army was lit, and the President, Lord Lonsdale, gave an address. A bivouac was faithfully reproduced, and there was also an admirable theatrical and variety entertainment organised by Mr. Norman McKinnel.

Photograph by Bassano.

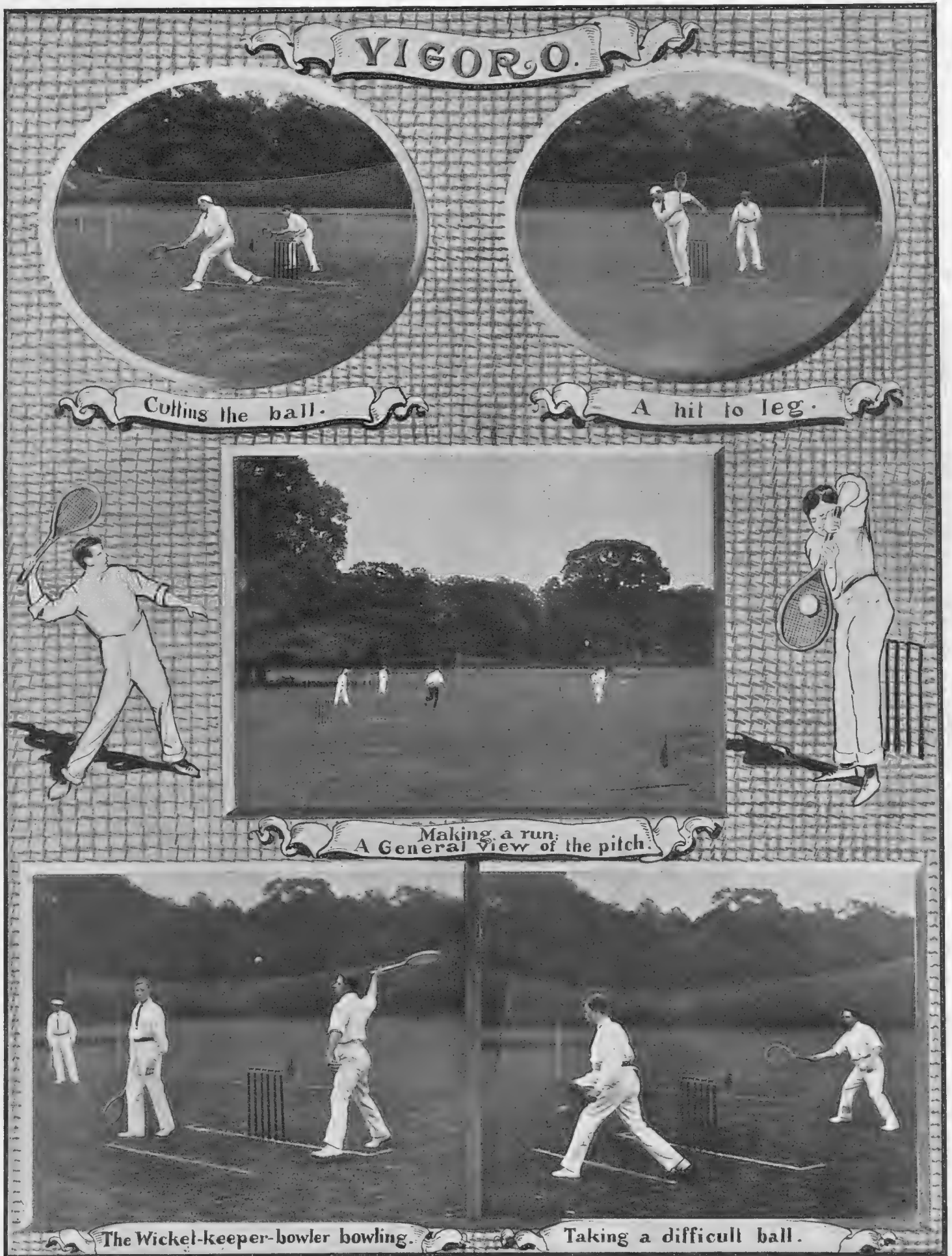
from "the regions beyond," men who have worked, hunted, or fought in wild countries or at sea, the brotherhood of the camps. Guerilla tactics are second nature to them; and so it is that they will act as guides, scouts, pioneers, and mobile forces for raiding. Wherever their numbers are sufficient they will have a command. Their motto is Gordon's—"God guard thee."

*Adventurers All!* Taking them as a whole, it may be said that the careers of the members of the Legion of Frontiersmen would keep any dozen writers of stories for boys busy and opulent for the rest of their lives. Typical of all are their founder and honorary secretary, Mr. Roger Pocock, and the London Commandant, Mr. de Hora. Both are born adventurers—we use the word in its older sense, deprecating the fashion that has distorted the term into meaning some form of skunk. Mr. Pocock has been many things. He was clerk in the cable service, labourer on a fruit-farm and a general farm in Ontario, insurance clerk, survey



# CRICKET - TENNIS . OR . TENNIS - CRICKET ?

THE NEW GAME, VIGORO. AS IT IS PLAYED.



The game is played with strengthened tennis-racquets, and a special rubber ball rather larger than that used for tennis. Each wicket consists of six stumps with five bails, and for powerful bowlers the pitch is set at 24 yards, although 22 yards is sufficient for ladies. One of the chief rules is that at least one run must be made for every hit. Batting and bowling are done with racquets. The bowlers act also as wicket-keepers. In fielding the ball may be handled, but must be returned with a stroke of the racquet. To "catch out" the ball must be brought to rest on the racquet without handling. The speed of the game may be estimated from the fact that twelve players have scored as many as 238 runs in an hour.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

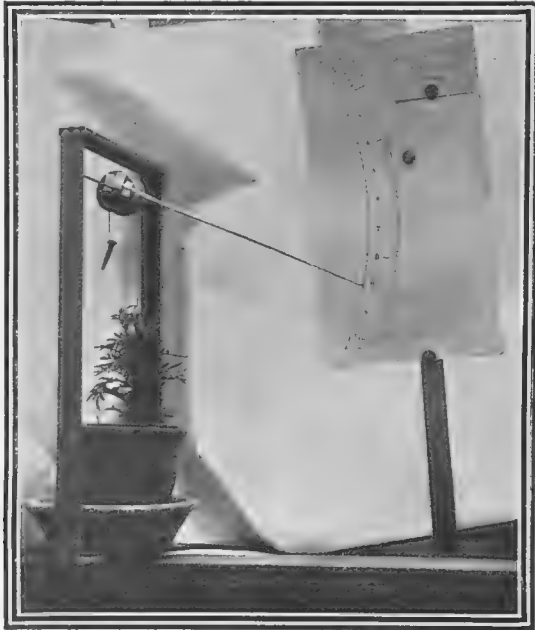




By E. A. B.

**Puss and Phosphorus.**

If our Board of Trade returns were more complete, they would tell us whether the recent conviction of a Spiritualistic medium has had the effect of sending afield high priests of the dark séance. The daily papers keep us apprised of the importation of Yankee exponents of the profitable art, but we get nothing to tell us as to exports of the native product.



APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.

The home-made apparatus here shown indicates by means of a pointer and dial the rate of growth of a plant. A length of cotton, weighted at one end, is attached to the head of the plant, and passed over a wheel. Fixed to the wheel is the pointer, which is moved mechanically as the plant grows, and so allows the weight to fall.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

visitor suddenly struck a match. The light revealed a giant black cat, hoisted upon the top of a pole, draped in a shawl, and with phosphorus enough rubbed about its eyes to start a match-factory.

**"The Butcher's" Eclipse.**

The Eclipse Stakes, to be run at Sandown Park on Friday, is still only in its second decade, but is famous as the first of the races for which the prize offered reached ten thousand pounds. Its name perpetuates the memory of one of the greatest horses of all time—the invincible Eclipse, so called because he was born during an eclipse, and was destined to excel the performances of all other equine heroes of the Turf. It is probably not commonly remembered that "the Butcher of Culloden," William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, bred him. This royal brute had the finest stud in the kingdom, and though his name is still anathema, patrons of the Turf must be grateful to him for having given them Ascot, whose course he laid, and whose first meeting he promoted. Not often do such queer associations cling to the memory of a man as attach to the name of the Butcher. Gay "invented his fables" to amuse him; his name was adopted, appropriately enough, as substitute for "Tyburn Gate," Hyde Park; Handel wrote his "Judas Maccabeus" in his honour.

**A Tricky Wager.**

The ten-thousand-pounders are very different stakes from those for which the pioneers of racing competed. A bell or a cup, worth a few shillings, was originally the guerdon for which owners strove. But they had their gambling, even when racing was youngest. And some of their wagers were not free from trickiness. This sounds plain enough: A wager of one hundred guineas that a certain owner would not find three horses to run ninety miles in three successive hours. The owner produced his trio of horses, and they each covered thirty miles. But the other party to the bargain, a Mr. William Courtney, declined to pay, and allowed the case to be taken to the Kingston Court. The horses had run each its thirty miles, it was true, but they had all started together, each horse thus having three hours in which to cover its thirty miles, and doing it easily. The verdict was against the trickster, and the man who had backed time did not have to pay.

**"Smashing" Time.**

A Preston conjurer swallowed a watch the other day, and despite the most alert acrobatic efforts on his own part and the heartiest co-operation of the doctors, found it extremely difficult, not to say painful, to unswallow it. Time can be better kept without the assistance of the conjurer. Sir Hiram Maxim knows that. He had a watch built specially for him in Switzerland. It did practically everything except shave him. One fateful evening he attended a conjuring séance on the Riviera. The gentleman with the wand begged the loan of a first-class watch. With touching faith the founder of all the Maxims lent his; lent it to be smashed to atoms and returned intact. The exhibition was thrillingly successful up to a certain point, then came a tragic dead-stop. The conjurer smashed the watch so that its maker would not have been able to identify its parts. But when he came to put it together again, then the tragedy was discovered. He could not finish the trick. Sir Hiram still has the débris, but looks elsewhere for the time.

**Conjuring with the Pope's Watch.**

What Sir Hiram's friend intended to do was to reproduce the feat of Robert Houdin. He gave an exhibition before the Pope and his Cardinals, and desired the loan of his Holiness's watch. The timepiece, a beautiful specimen of the watchmaker's art, was entrusted to him. He was busy with it for five minutes. At the end of that time he showed it to his audience; it was beaten into atoms in a mortar. If surprise may write its signature upon the Papal countenance, it did at that moment. But it was not there for long. The fragments of the watch were crammed into the muzzle of a blunderbuss and fired at a rose-tree. And there upon the rose-tree was the Pope's watch, tied by a dainty bow of ribbon to a bloom. Houdin had caused a duplicate of the Pope's watch to be made in advance; it was already in place upon the rose-tree when the Pope arrived. Sir Hiram's conjurer had forgotten to prepare in advance.

**London's Own Granary.**

One of the lessons of the Naval Manœuvres, some of the critics are telling us, is that we must have a reserve supply of food in the country as a safeguard against invasion. Possibly the Carpenters' Company, with whom the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief, and other Justices dine this evening, will remind their guests that the livery companies of the Metropolis used anciently to provide wheat to be used in time of dearth or scarcity. It was the Lord Mayor to whom primarily the duty fell, but he managed to shift the burden to the shoulders of the companies, and right well they seem to have acquitted themselves. Each had its own granary, all on old London Bridge. When the latter structure was replaced, the grain was conveyed to the halls of the companies, who maintained a reserve of corn never less in value than £1000, which sum to-day would be from five to seven times that total.



A METHOD OF AERATING MARINE AQUARIUMS.

The specimens in a marine tank require constant change of water, or, failing that, the renewal of the air in the water. The apparatus illustrated above is constructed to pump air into the water at the bottom of the tank. By this method the water will remain good for many months.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



✠   ✠   OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!   ✠   ✠



**WATER WORTH MORE THAN WHISKY: BUYING "NATURE'S WINE"  
AT A WELL IN A COLORADO DESERT.**

Our photograph shows gold-miners halting for water at a well in a Colorado desert. In such places water is, of course, scarce, and the supply may be said to be always less than the demand. At the particular well in question water is retailed at 2½d. a glass, while a drink sufficient to quench the thirst of a horse is worth a shilling.

*Photograph by Pierce.*



**THE IDEAL METHOD OF DOING SENTRY-GO: AN AMERICAN INDIAN  
WATCHING HIS CORN-FIELD.**

Certain American Indians are evidently believers in luxurious living, and it is a common thing for them to build rustic couches of the type shown in our photograph, so that they may guard their corn-fields in comfort. The couch is usually erected on the edge of the field, and forms an excellent vantage-ground from which its maker can watch the various enemies of his crops, feathered or human.

*Photograph by Pierce.*



**AN EXTRAORDINARY COIFFURE: THE METHOD  
OF HAIR-DRESSING ADOPTED BY THE NATIVES  
OF BOUGAINVILLE.**

*Photograph by O. Bainbridge.*



**THE FACE-CEREMONIAL: A MASK WORN  
AT FEASTS AND WEDDING CEREMONIES  
IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.**

*Photograph by O. Bainbridge.*



**FLAUTISTS EXTRAORDINARY: SAKAIS PLAYING  
FLUTES WITH THE NOSE INSTEAD OF THE  
MOUTH.**

*Photograph by O. Bainbridge.*



**THE BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO IN AFRICA:  
ZULU BEAUTIES CYCLING.**

*Photograph by O. Bainbridge.*



**BALL-DRESS IN CEYLON: CINGALESE DEVIL-DANCERS IN THEIR  
FEARSOME PROFESSIONAL ATTIRE.**

*Photograph by O. Bainbridge.*





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"—"LA BASCULE."

AN English farce and a French farce produced on the same evening, both received with enthusiasm, yet in spirit and style two works poles apart. "You Never Can Tell"—why the title, I do not know, but of course that does not matter—has the qualities and defects lacking in M. Donnay's piece: that phrase, I think, sums up the difference. "La Bascule" is neatly written and shows real skill in obeying the rule-of-thumb laws of success in farce. There are aspects of Mr. Shaw's piece which suggest that it is acted from the first draft, although the author often shows immense cleverness as a play-constructor. The foreigner never tries to take his audience by surprise: when he presents a situation, he knows that the audience will expect the customary jests and humours connected with it, and does no more than try to give a new flavour to the customary. In "La Bascule" we have a young, pretty, amorous wife, who, after four years of matrimony, finds herself childless and regrets the fact, and expresses her regret to everybody. The moderately experienced playgoer can guess correctly what jokes, indelicate jokes, will be made. M. Donnay does not dream of disappointing the audience. Some of the jokes are neat, and have a one or two percentage of novelty; others are heavy, not a few stale; from the English theatre point of view almost all are gross. Suppose "G. B. S." chose such a matter, the one thing one could safely guess as to the way in which he would handle it is that the treatment would be quite unexpected by the audience. We know that at every turn and twist of the play some surprise would be lurking, due to the delightful strangeness of his fancy, or sometimes, perhaps, to a conscious determination to be surprising. Both he and Mr. J. M. Barrie, our other surprising writer, occasionally hurt their work on account of their desire to be original at any cost and under all circumstances. Still, even now, although "You Never Can Tell" has been given and revived so often that "W. A." says that it is in a fair way to become a classic, one can be agreeably surprised by some of its unexpected jokes.

Moreover, in considering the two farces, one notices another radical difference. M. Donnay writes as the boulevardier: he has a comic tale to tell, with a few half-novel ideas about the relations between men and their wives and mistresses. He knows that no one is likely to take his piece seriously—probably hopes that nobody will. He is content to use his natural wit and technical skill, but not to bother to give even a glance below the surface. Presumably he does not ask himself whether life is like his pictures of it, or, if he does, he answers that a little corner of life is, and he is content with the corner. "After us, the deluge!" is once more the cry of the fashionable Parisian. Even in his farce, Mr. G. B. S. is the thinker, the philosopher, the moralist, and uses his brains and asks the audience to employ theirs. His morality and philosophy peep out in the moments of wildest fun: when you are laughing heartily an idea, a discussable idea, is flung at

you. I do not suggest that his farces are "medicated"—to use a neat term by Oliver Wendell Holmes. They are not mere vehicles for the administration of ideas; and the thoughts do not prevent your laughter. Nor even does the fact that some of the morality and philosophy seems rather topsy-turvy vex the fair-minded. "G. B. S." to many appears to be an *advocatus diaboli* carried away by his eloquence into belief in his case.



TAKING MISS IRENE VANBRUGH'S PLACE AT THE ST. JAMES'S; MISS JEAN MCKINLEY, DAUGHTER OF MME. ANTOINETTE STERLING, WHO IS PLAYING NINA IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER" DURING MISS VANBRUGH'S HOLIDAY.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

be remembered that most of those disaffected by the Shaw pieces stop short of an affection for them—they are off with their old love before they are on with their new; and, despite the proverb, this is a misfortune.

The performance at the Court is brilliant; one cannot reasonably ask for a better, even if two or three are a little below perfection. Mr. Louis Calvert's William is delightful, though I will not admit that I prefer it to that of Mr. James Welch. Miss Lillah McCarthy is irresistible as Gloria; the twins are capitally played by Miss Dorothy Minto and Mr. Norman Page. Mr. J. H. Barnes is admirable as McComas. Miss Henrietta Watson renders the rather trying Mrs. Clandon with great skill. Others deserve praise, such as Mr. Gurney, Mr. Ainley, and Mr. Hearn.

In "La Bascule," also, we had noteworthy acting. Mlle. Dorziat,

already a favourite here, represented Rosine Bernier delightfully; her charm and skill render her fascinating. M. Huguenet is one of the ablest players that Mr. Gaston Mayer has presented to us. His Hubert de Plouha is a brilliant comic study of a man of unstable character, and he exhibits the finest shades of emotion with great nicety and force; a better performance of such a kind of part is not within my memory.



MISS SEVENING. MISS STOCKER.  
ACTRESSES AS PROGRAMME GIRLS; MISS NINA SEVENING AND MISS DORIS STOCKER AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN-PARTY.

Photograph by Bassano.



## BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

(A CONTINUATION OF OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.)



I.—NOOSING WILD CATS BY THE KYLES OF BUTE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

NOTE.—Our Artist (whose sporting intelligence we are still unable to guarantee), feeling that he has exhausted the possibilities of the fish, flesh, and fowl of "foreign parts," has sought fresh fields for prey. He has trekked through Great Britain, and now offers pictorial hints to the home-staying sportsman. The completeness of his search for knowledge may be judged when it is noted that he has lately addressed letters giving accounts of beasts weird and wonderful from such salubrious and secret-holding spots as the Wilds of Wimbledon, the Purlieus of Putney, the Heights of Hampstead, the Depths of Dublin, the Centre of Cardiff, the Meadows of Maidenhead, and the Downs of Dundee.



## THE MOTHER OF BRITAIN'S BABY LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.



THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGALL.

At the time of her marriage, the Marchioness of Donegall was two-and-twenty, her husband over eighty. The Marquess of Donegall was born two and three-quarter years ago. He is Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh and Governor of Carrickfergus Castle.

*Photograph by Bassano. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")*



THE DAIRYMAID IN "THE DAIRYMAIDS."



MISS AGNES FRASER AS WINIFRED, AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

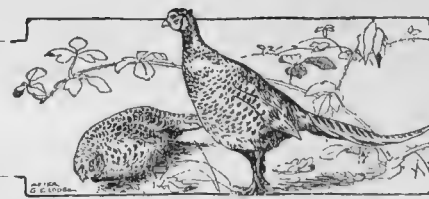
*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*





## WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



## Can Animals Suffer?

I daresay that a good many sportsmen have seen Mr. E. Kay Robinson's latest book, "The Religion of Nature," and whether they accept or reject the theories set out in it, they must confess that the problems raised are of considerable interest, and that their handling, within certain limits, is intelligent. The limits are those that beset a believer in abiogeny, who is not, apparently, on intimate terms with psychology or physiology. Mr. Robinson is a devoted student of wild life and the author of several interesting books. It is clear that he is not a man to advance a serious theory lightly, and when he tells us that birds and beasts do not suffer as we are tempted to believe they do from their persecution at the hands of man, his statements and the arguments that go to support them are worthy of careful consideration. He maintains that the lower animals have no self-consciousness, that the instinctive acts of animals afford no evidence of conscious thought, and that even the actions of trained dogs and horses are instinctive rather than intelligent. The lowest type of man, on the other hand, has the power of conscious thought, and shows it in the use of language, in the use of personal decoration, and in a conception of religion. Supported by these theories, and quite forgetting that he has not paused to define "instinct," Mr. Robinson holds that a clear line of demarcation may be drawn between the lowest man and the highest animal, and that man, being the only animal endowed with self-consciousness, is the only creature that can suffer—that is, the only creature that can know what he feels. Strange statements, these, to set out in the year 1906 without the support of scientific evidence.

## The "Noes" Have it?

Proceeding still further, Mr. Robinson finds that there is no "cruelty" or "suffering" in nature save where it exists in the thoughts of men. The stricken bird or beast is not really suffering, and from Shakspeare downwards great writers have been in error in thinking otherwise. In insects, for example, there is no connection between separate knots of nerves, and consequently no sense of personal individuality in creatures whose several parts are separately sensitive. Mr. Robinson points out in support of further theories that the parental care of birds for their young is very short-lived, and quotes the case of the robin,

it is surprising. The question is, has Mr. Robinson made out his case? Has he interpreted the phenomena of wild life correctly? Upon this point there will be diverse opinions. Many fairly studious observers of wild life will be inclined to believe that Mr. Robinson has, quite unconsciously, fitted his observations to his religious bias, that he has interpreted Nature in terms of orthodox Christianity. When he writes of "God in Man" he forgets that such an expression is indefinite, and does not make for clear argument.



KEEPING FOUNDATIONS IN REMEMBRANCE: THE ORIGINAL SITE OF BEAULIEU ABBEY MARKED BY STONES.

The church and cloisters, the abbot's house, and the guests' house of Beaulieu Abbey can now be traced only by their fragmentary remains. The lines of the foundations of the Abbey are carefully preserved, and the grass kept constantly cut, so that the plan of the building is easily traced. The refectory has been converted into the parish church, and within the great wall of the precincts are the remains of the exquisite cloister court and the chapter-house, and the huge chamber, still in tolerable repair, in which lay visitors to the Abbey were entertained.

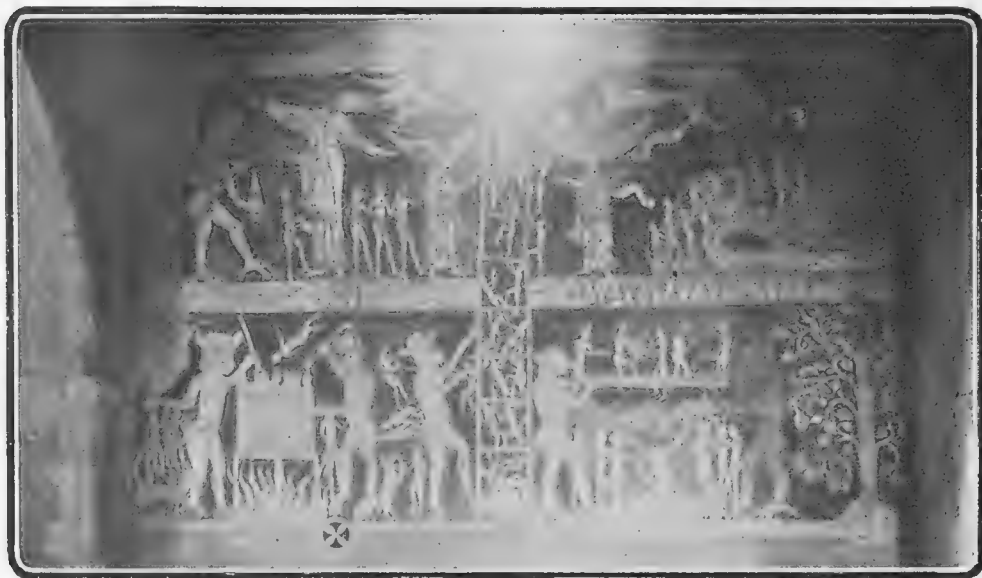
Photograph by the Press Studio.

## Wild Animals in Fiction.

There is no doubt that he is quite right when he says that popular natural history studies, as published largely in America, and to a lesser degree in this country, are quite unscientific and even misleading, because they give birds and beasts credit for gifts they lack. It is not the less a fact that the stories are justified of their existence, because they have probably done a great deal to develop a taste for natural history, and no author pretends that his point of view is more than a dramatic interpretation of the phenomena of wild life founded upon observation and analogy. Many people who took very little notice of our woods and lanes a few years ago are devoted students of them to-day, and much of the wanton cruelty associated with the open-air life has come under revision.

## The "Instinct" of the Hunted.

I am compelled to say that the theories set out in "The Religion of Nature" do not satisfy me. Mr. Robinson's line between instinct and reason is so vague that it will not be accepted by scientific men, and it does not carry conviction to the lay mind. It seems to be the view of a man who is inclined to mistrust evolution, who believes in the story of the creation as set out in Genesis, and believes that Faith is superior to Science. Mr. Robinson takes language to be the chief test of self-consciousness, and declares that animals live without it; but Professor Garner found that monkeys have a limited vocabulary, and the call of many birds varies sufficiently to partake of the quality of an elementary language. Moreover, the cunning of certain hunted animals, particularly the boar, the otter, and the fox, and the industry of others, such as beaver, badger, and mole, do not seem compatible with complete absence of self-consciousness. Phenomena of wild life that we cannot fit to any of our working theories may be held to justify the unscientific treatment of wild life in popular periodicals. And it seems more reasonable to grant wild life a certain measure of reason than to deny it altogether in the face of the beliefs that the theory of evolution has brought about.



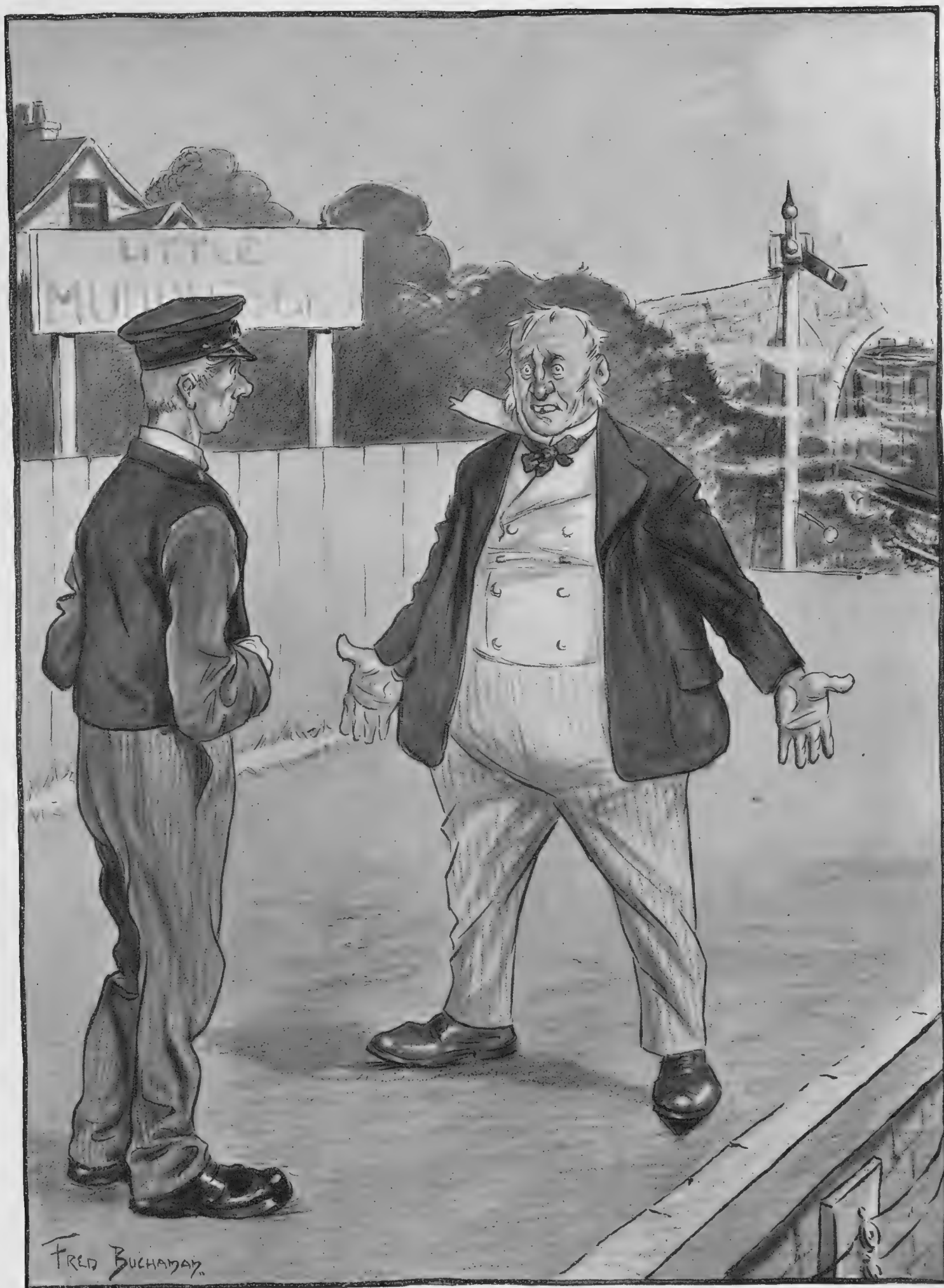
"HEAVEN, HELL, AND THE JUDGMENT DAY"—AN EARLY ENGLISH FRESKO IN CHALDON CHURCH, SURREY.

Chaldon Church, which stands within a few miles of Croydon, is chiefly notable—apart from its age—for the fresco here illustrated. The picture was painted out while the church was being redecorated some years ago, and although every effort was made to restore it, it has lost much in detail.—[Photograph by the Press Studio.]

who drives his children from his hunting-ground. The theory that lower animals are insentient deals a heavy blow at a certain kind of emotional humanitarianism; but if our sentiments mislead us and the suffering of the lower animals is not what we take it to be, we must not shrink from accepting the truth merely because



THE HAT TRICK—A NEW VERSION.



THE DISHEVELLED AND BRUISED GENTLEMAN: Have you seen anything of a hat that dropped out of a window of that train?

THE INNOCENT PORTER: Yessir. I chucked it back ter the guard.

THE DISHEVELLED AND BRUISED GENTLEMAN: Lord! And I've jumped out after it.

DRAWN BY FRED. BUCHANAN.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

**I** BSEN the man still remains a mystery. I have seen nothing that describes him so effectively as an article by the Danish critic, Herman Bang, who probably knew the dramatist as intimately as it was granted anybody to know him. Bang says—

As a man, Ibsen far surpassed his fame. He played his rôle as a master, but behind the rôle, behind the mask, back of that which he represented, there we beheld a man who was true to his manhood.

He promised naught, but he performed.

He called nobody friend, but he proved himself a friend to others.

He helped but rarely, but he helped where need was urgent.

It has been said that his personality lacked warmth, but his hand-grasp was full of compassion.

In his heart's inmost depths he entertained an unbounded contempt for humanity, and in spite of his timidity he did not disguise this feeling. But his pity or compassion was greater still.

He who suffered would find out when the heaviness of his sorrow weighted him down that this lonely and icy man had a warm place for him in his heart.

He gave the world riches, and he himself remained the poorest among the poor.

The focal point of the world's sun, he was its most lonely figure. To-day, the whole world pays tribute to a dramatist.

My thoughts seek the man who purchased dearly what he scantily received.

He attained a name in the world, but human happiness was denied him.

It is admitted by those who attended the various functions given in honour of the German journalists that the Germans speak English much better than the English speak German. Some of the addresses delivered in English by German editors were quite perfect in their way. We had nothing so good on our side except the speech of Mr. Bryce, of whom it was said by one eminent German that he spoke the language like a native. Others spoke it in another way, and recall the story of the young Frenchman, a son of a French mother and an American father, who was sent to Harvard. He was invited to a musical entertainment given by his classmates, where there were sung in honour of the foreigner a number of French songs rendered in the best American French. "I say, old man," observed one of the students after the entertainment, "I suppose those French songs made you feel a little homesick?" "Oh, no," responded the Frenchman, "only sick."

There are some interesting personal touches in Sir Frederick Treves' "Highways and Byways in Dorset," which is the latest contribution to Messrs. Macmillan's well-known series. Sir Frederick was a pupil of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, whom he remembers as the gentlest and most kindly of men. "His appearance was peculiar. He had white hair and a long white beard, and always wore knee-breeches and shoes with large buckles. Out of doors he donned a curious cap and a still more curious cape, while I never saw him without a bag over his shoulder and a stout staff. During school hours he was in the habit of pacing the room in a

reverie, happily oblivious of his dull surroundings. I remember once that some forbidden fruit of which I was possessed rolled across the school-room floor, and that I crawled after it in the wake of the dreaming master. He turned suddenly in his walk and stumbled over me, to my intense alarm. When he had regained his balance he apologised very earnestly, and resumed his walk, unconscious that the object he had fallen over was a scholar. I have often wondered to which of his charming poems I owed my escape from punishment."

I do not wonder that both Sir Frederick Treves and Mr. Hardy have a special favour for the town of Shaftesbury. "At many a point in the streets of this wind-swept town will be a bright

gap among the houses whence is a sudden view of the limitless valley. It is just such a view as one might glean through a slit in the ramparts of a castle on a hill. Moreover, in any street you may come unexpectedly upon a steep, green-walled lane which drops down over the cliff to the plain as a rope-ladder would drop from a tower."

In Bymport, the readers of "Jude the Obscure" may still find Phillotson's school, and the little low drab house in which the wayward Sue wrought the wrecking of her life. "The light of the setting sun streams in through the back windows as it did in the novel when Phillotson was lying ill. 'The sunsets are mostly beautiful from here,' the writer of 'Jude' explains, owing to the rays crossing the mist of the vale."

Sir Frederick Treves is no believer in the robust health of villagers. The low thatched cottage embedded in creepers is, he says, to a varying extent unhealthy; it is probably damp, is

certainly ill-ventilated, and usually lacking in light and the first needs of sanitation. The exquisite old thatched cottage, with its tiny windows of diamond panes, must go, for the man of drains has spoken, and with it will vanish the most characteristic feature of rural England. This is no matter of surmise. The evidence of poor health among villagers is proof positive of the unhealthiness of the gracious and beautiful old country cottage. The men, who live in the open air, may be hearty enough, although they are not always so robust as they look. The stay-at-home women suffer much from anæmia, and often from tuberculosis. Sir Frederick suggests that cottagers need a holiday as much as city folk, since the life of a really poor woman in a remote village must be woefully and injuriously dull. He does not believe that the simple countryman keeps a sound mind and a healthy body, while the dweller in crowded areas succumbs to nervous strain. On the contrary, it is the countryman who goes mad sooner on the average.

O. O.



THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS—BUT TRUE.

THE "MASTER" OF THE HOUSE: I should like to know what you would have been if it hadn't been for my money.

THE MERE MAN: A bachelor!

DRAWN BY MALCOLM PATTERSON.



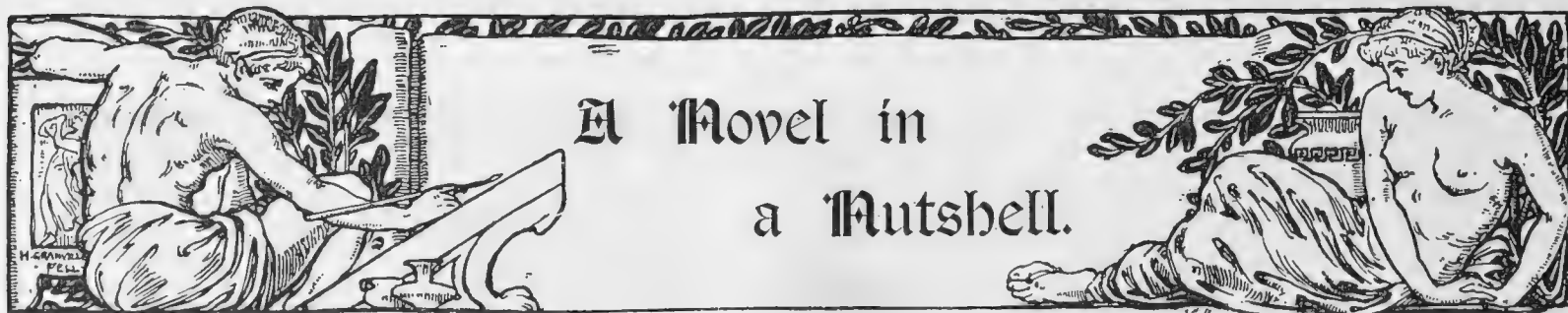
A BRACE OF TRUE PROPHETS.



MRS. KNAGG: You talked about coming home early to-night, but I thought it would all end in talk.

MR. KNAGG (*wearily*): So did I, my dear.

(It did!) DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.



## A Novel in a Nutshell.

### THE STAR TRAP.

BY CLARA BYRNES.

"FINE!" commented Jimmy Wreakes, the stage mechanic. "Fine!" And his sneer tilted his stogie slantwise.

For Rowland, to clinch a point of stage mechanics, had taken down his favourite plaything, a very remarkable little model of the stage of the new Comedy Theatre. It was a toy worth playing with, for it embodied most of his theories, and showed some curious mechanical devices, among them a wonderful stage that dropped a whole section into regions below, to be reset while the play went on. To illustrate, Rowland began to set this with toy furniture.

"Shut up, Jimmy!" he said severely to the grinning veteran. "Don't revile our modern improvements. You know you're out-classed!"

With smooth facility the new set went up into place, and seizing two costumed dolls by the backs of their abbreviate skirts, Rowland pranced them about dramatically as a climax.

"Outclassed nothing!" growled the outraged Jimmy. "You need them things to help you act nowadays."

"Anyway," retorted the New Era, "we don't kill people the way you used to with your confounded vampires and Star Traps. Wait, you fellows, till I show you how they worked it in the prehistoric days when Jimmy went out with the 'Black Crook'!" Standing on the arm of a great chair, Rowland clawed jubilantly at the models on a high shelf.

"Get off that throne!" commanded Jimmy Wreakes. "Think you're Henry Fifth? That's right, put your feet on the cushion!" He was quite serious under his sheltering stogie. "It ain't so long since that would have stood for a model of every theatre in the States outside of the big cities. And you mayn't believe it, but there's some theatres in the little towns now that work things just that way."

Rowland was tenderly flipping the dust from the miniature stage that he had set alongside the Comedy model.

"Dated 1860," he observed, lifting it to display an imaginary hall-mark. "Or maybe later, according to Jimmy. Scenery moves in grooves." He juggled the wings. "See the foolish wires and ropes and things Jimmy had to pull! See the rotten old-fashioned rigging loft! See the lamps Jimmy had to light!"

"Lamps be —, we had gas!" said Jimmy indignantly. "All this electricity business has come in since you can remember. The newest things ain't ten years old. Lamps!"

"Jimmy'll tell you what a vampire is," pursued Rowland, with malice in his eye. "I've forgotten how they worked, but they called 'em that because they ate men up."

"They were like shutters in the side of the stage," Jimmy Wreakes explained grudgingly, "and they opened out. When Harlequin or somebody got chased, he'd bound against these doors. They'd let him through and spring back, and it looked as if he'd gone straight through the wall. The vampire swallowed him, you see. It was harmless enough, but the Star Trap was the devil."

"This," said Rowland, pointing to an octagon in the floor of the stage, "is the Star Trap. I never saw one worked, but I heard old Billy Thompson—he was a trick dancer, a little bit of a chap—tell how it shot him clear over the audience, into a fat man's lap. Wouldn't that make a hit in vaudeville, Jimmy?"

"They had it weighted too heavy," said Jimmy Wreakes, laying down his stogie at last. "Give me the shears and a piece of cardboard, and I'll show you how it worked. That one there's just a dummy."

The thing that he cut was octagonal, and its eight sections opened up in the centre.

"The eight flaps were hinged where they made the sides of the octagon, so they could open up and out like a star." He bent the cardboard points to illustrate. "And when they were closed, it was bolted underneath to hold it. Now when it lay open, it always looked to me like some infernal kind of flower, a daisy, maybe, with eight sharp-pointed leaves and an octagon for a centre. Underneath the points was cushioned, and there was a little lift like a dumb-waiter.

It was pretty heavily weighted, and then four or five stage-hands sat on the lowest shelf of the dumb-waiter to hold it down. Now the devil, or Harlequin, or whoever it was that was to be shot up on the stage, stood on the top shelf of the dumb-waiter, and when we gave the signal, the stage-hands jumped off in a hurry, the weight slammed down, the lift went up, and the man on top was shot through clear into the air, and came down on his feet on the stage. His head, you see, struck the cushions right in the centre of the trap, and the flaps opened up and let him through. Then they fell back into place."

"If it worked right," interpolated Rowland grimly. It was evident that he knew cheerful things about the Star Trap.

"If it didn't work right," Jimmy Wreakes said slowly, "there were quite a number of things that might happen. The trap might not be unbolted, for instance. You can guess the rest of that. Or it mightn't be weighted heavy enough, and the man might fall back on the sharp points. Or they might catch him as he went through. And sometimes if they sent him through like Billy Thompson, there was no telling where he'd come down. Sometimes it was funny, but most times it wasn't. I've seen two men killed by the Star Trap, and one or two who wished they was."

Rowland was experimenting with the pasteboard model. "Good old days," he observed, amiably, "when everybody was a genius, and stage mechanics were in their prime!" He shot one of the costumed dolls through the trap, and let it fall back halfway through the cardboard jaws. They snapped at it viciously, and caught it just under the armpits.

"Don't!" jerked out Jimmy Wreakes. "I seen that once too often, and that's why I shook the spectacular. Why, I'd rather work under a flip kid like you than run a show that had that devil of a thing in it. Did I ever tell you about Davy Fones?"

Rowland sat up on the edge of the table like a Sunday-school child, holding between his knees the little dancer, still impaled in the Star Trap.

"Go on and tell us about Davy Fones," he said. And Jimmy Wreakes told us.

This Davy Fones drifted into the company in Baltimore, as a sort of helper to Jimmy Wreakes. He was learning the carpenter trade, but he had a great passion for the theatre, and was delighted to get in even as a stage-hand. To him it was like getting a job as chief sweep in Arcadia. It wasn't the "Black Crook" that Jimmy was with then, but a cheaper spectacular play, all demons and fairies and ballet. There wasn't the humour that people demand now, but there were lots of clever effects, drills, and elaborate dances, and all that, and the sudden appearances of the demons supplied most of the fun. There was a dear little première danseuse, Jeanne St. Alma, and Willy Leonardi, a great trick dancer, played Mephisto.

Now this Willy Leonardi was a big, joyous animal, as handsome as a tiger-cat, and as full of cruel fun as a kitten. And Davy Fones, from the time he was taken on, played mouse.

It was queer that no one stood up for him, but Willy Leonardi tortured him so frankly and with such humorous effect that there really seemed to be nothing to make a fuss over, and no one knew just how the boy felt about it. So it went on and on, and Davy went on working. There were lots of times when they were caught short-handed in little towns, and Davy Fones did the work of half-a-dozen stage-hands. He was a good boy, too, and Jimmy Wreakes got to be quite fond of him.

He couldn't have been more than twenty when he joined, and he seemed younger, for he was little and badly built, and looked as if he always wanted to run. When a dog looks like that, you string tin cans to him. When a boy looks like that, you leave him alone, unless you are a Willy Leonardi.

Willy Leonardi never let him alone. At first it was chiefly nick-names. Sometimes Davy was Dog Tray, and sometimes he was the White Slave, and Jimmy Wreakes was more annoyed than Davy seemed to be when Willy Leonardi bow-wowed at him, or clanked imaginary

[Continued overleaf.]



THE WRONG "QUENCHER."



MR. HAYSEED (agriculturist, who has opened a fire-extinguisher in the belief that it contains a free drink of aerated water):

Well, of all the nasty drinks I ever tasted——!

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

fetters. Then there was muffled thunder in the piece, and Davy made it by rattling a sheet of zinc. So, after a while, Willy Leonardi changed his name to Jupiter, and he stayed Jupiter until he got to be Bucephalus.

For it was also one of Davy's duties to imitate the galloping steed of the Amazon queen—"clipity, clipity, clip, clipity, clipity, clip!" out in the wings. You know how it sounds. It was funny to see Davy Fones, with a serious face and his feet strapped to horseshoes, galloping about in a limited area behind the scenes, and it was funnier still when Willy Leonardi imitated him, clattering about on all fours, and neighing shrilly. And one day he got Davy under his arm, and played Mazeppa, to the great joy of the company.

This kind of thing could have gone on for ever for all Davy resented it. He got the best of it by accepting it all dumbly, and effacing himself as much as possible. And that irritated Willy Leonardi. The cat likes the mouse to run and squeak a bit.

So his jokes got to be rather cruel toward the end, and Davy began to look worried and hunted. And one day Willy Leonardi made too brilliant a discovery.

That was that Davy had fallen desperately in love with Jeanne St. Alma, and had written some queer little poems to her. Somehow Willy Leonardi got hold of them and was reading them aloud to two or three of his subject demons in the passage-way—this was in Richmond; and the dressing demons were under the stage—when Davy Fones came down to fix something for Wreakes.

"Fairy-spangled Jeanne, my queen!" chanted Willy Leonardi in his beautiful big voice. Davy Fones made a spring for the paper, but Willy Leonardi kept him off with the flat of his hand.

"My love for thee is never seen!" Right here Davy had gotten into difficulties, and Willy Leonardi read it just as it was scribbled down.

"You ridest—rulestest—thou rulestest—dancesest—on our hearts—on my heart, I ween.

Willy Leonardi shook his head with the air of a moral censor.

"I ween you better look out for Patrick O'Hearn." Jeanne was Mrs. Patrick O'Hearn in private life.

Davy wasn't fighting any more to get hold of the paper. He was watching the stairs. Jeanne had to come down to change for her Amazon dress. Pretty soon her glittering little feet appeared on the first rough wooden step, and Willy Leonardi, spying them, purred over the paper like a big cat.

"Don't read 'em to her," said Davy Fones in a hushed voice, as if he were praying. The hand that he laid on Willy Leonardi's arm was shaking.

"Don't read 'em, Willy," said one of the other men. He said afterwards that Davy took it as hard as a young girl would, and turned all sorts of colours.

"Fairy-spangled Jeanne, my queen," chanted Willy Leonardi, waving the manuscript.

My love for you is never seen.  
Thou dancesest on my heart, I ween,  
My airy Jeanne, my fairy queen.

Now little Jeanne who, to look at, was just a bunch of tulle and wings, with the real peaked fairy face, gave herself great airs because she had a boy two years old, and frowned savagely on sentiment. So she proceeded to dance most energetically on the naked heart of Davy Fones.

"Who wrote dat?" she inquired resentfully.

"I did," said Willy Leonardi, with a grin.

"Bah, you!" said Jeanne, for she despised Willy Leonardi, and rose on her tiny toes to investigate the paper. Then, glancing around, she beheld Davy Fones, shrunken and ashamed, cowering away from her gaze.

"Boy," said Jeanne, "are you a fool? But Willy Leonardi is a beast. I will keep these to show my husband."

With that she marched into her dressing-room and slammed the door, and the rear view of her was as much like Mrs. Siddons as her size and the tilt of her ballet skirt allowed. Davy slunk away, utterly withered by the contempt of his divinity. But Willy Leonardi was angry. He kept quiet about the poems. Like most people, he was afraid of Patrick O'Hearn, but he took it out of Davy in another way.

Jimmy Wreakes heard about the poetry, and pitched into Davy, calling him many kinds of fool. He was so disgusted with the boy that he hounded him around for a while, in hopes of working this nonsense out of him. Then Jeanne thought it necessary to keep up her dignity by treating the poor poet with atrocious cruelty, and Davy, who had lived on her occasional smiles and funny little praise-words, was very wretched. Cast out from both love and friendship, he adopted a dog.

Now the dog that Davy adopted wasn't a nice dog, or a smart dog, or a faithful dog, but Davy liked it. It was a second love, that dog, and in defence of it Davy even talked back to Willy Leonardi. And that made Willy Leonardi worse than ever. There was something the matter with him, anyway, in those days. His fun got to be downright vicious.

He got his chance finally at Davy's dog. The manager thought the play was getting a little stale, and put in some new dances. So there were a lot of rehearsals, and at one of them the manager was late, and everyone was cold and tired and ugly from the long wait on the draughty stage. Davy wasn't there, nor Jimmy Wreakes, but

Davy's dog was nosing around like the ill-bred, officious little beast that he was, and one of the ballet-girls began teasing him. Presently she gave a shriek and held up a finger just dented by his teeth.

"He bit me!" she wailed. "He bit me!"

Somebody suggested that he ought to be shot.

"Let's have a trial," proposed Willy Leonardi, and, tired of the long wait, everybody fell in with the idea. Wup—his name was Wup, because he barked like that—was coaxed out from underneath the throne of the fairy queen, where he had taken refuge, and Willy Leonardi conducted the trial. Wup was condemned to be hanged, and Willy Leonardi, with a solemn executioner's face, set about making preparations for the hanging.

Nobody ever thought for a moment that Willy Leonardi intended to carry the thing out, and Wup, who hadn't sense enough to be scared, sat at the side of the stage with the rope around his neck and a foolish smile on his face. The rope was over a gas-jet.

Jeanne was the only one who was uneasy at all. She looked at Davy's dog, his common little tail wagging inanely, and his shoe-button eyes twinkling.

"Now let him go, Willy Leonardi," she said, and laughed nervously.

But it was too late. Willy Leonardi jerked the rope, and that was the end of it. And while everybody was trying to get his breath—for it was a nasty thing to see—Jimmy Wreakes and Davy walked in, and the first thing Davy saw was Wup dangling from the gas-jet, with his paws twitching. He got him down, but the dog's neck was broken.

Davy scrunched him against his chest, and stared at Willy Leonardi. Willy Leonardi tried to brave it out, and started to tell Jimmy Wreakes about the trial, but you could see his nerve was going. Finally he stopped short, and Davy walked out, with the dog in his arms.

"You look out for yourself, Willy Leonardi," said Jimmy Wreakes, "and the rest of you go home. No rehearsal this afternoon." So every one sneaked out, most of the girls crying, and the men all hating themselves and Willy Leonardi.

You remember Willy Leonardi was Mephisto. He had a spectacular entrance toward the beginning of the last act. He was supposed to come up from the lower regions, and they shot him up through the Star Trap. It was Jimmy Wreakes's business, of course, to see that everything was all right, the lift in working order and so on, and he saw to all this that night. He had a lot of extra things to do, for Davy Fones acted dazed, and they had some green stage-hands. Finally Davy disappeared, and Jimmy Wreakes went to look for him, for he felt about the same toward Davy as Davy had toward the dog.

He found him sitting on the top of a flight of steps that opened out into the alley between the theatre and the next building.

"Why don't you go and bury that dog?" he said sharply, for the unburied Wup was stretched on the step below Davy.

"There was a girl here awhile ago," said Davy Fones dreamily. "She came to talk to Willy Leonardi. She was little and thin and scared, and Willy Leonardi laughed at her.

"Brute!" muttered Jimmy Wreakes, for he knew things about Willy Leonardi. "Something ought to be done to him."

"That's what I thought," said Davy Fones, simply and judicially.

"You better stop thinking," snapped Jimmy Wreakes, for he didn't know quite what to make of this speech. And he proceeded to pick a one-sided quarrel with Davy in order to get his mind off Willy Leonardi.

"Now," he concluded, "you go downstairs and see those green fools don't make any mistakes; I've got enough to do up here. And afterwards I'll help you with the dog."

Davy Fones looked at him strangely, but went, and it was not until within a few minutes of Mephisto's entrance that a sudden mis-giving seized Jimmy Wreakes. It was queer that he should be afraid for Willy Leonardi. But he left his post and hurried downstairs, and met Davy Fones coming up.

"I left him be," said Davy Fones in a hushed voice, "I left him be," and went on up.

Jimmy Wreakes didn't waste any time on him then, but rushed on downstairs. Somehow he *knew* that something was going to happen to Willy Leonardi. He gave a gasp of relief when he saw the big dancer, in all his scarlet splendour, standing on the lift below the Star Trap, and the four stage-hands wedged together on the bottom shelf.

He shouted to them to wait, but just then the signal was given from above, and Willy Leonardi, who was in an evil temper, loudly damned them all for the delay. At that the men jumped, clumsy and confused, and the trap shot up.

Jimmy, turning sick, caught at the shoulder of the nearest man. For Willy Leonardi appeared suddenly to crumple up into nothing.

The Star Trap was bolted.

So that was the end of Willy Leonardi.

As for Davy Fones, he went on out, and buried his dog, and not a soul ever laid eyes on him after that, except that for a while Jeanne said she was positive she saw him up in the gallery nights.

"Ugh!" said Rowland from the edge of the table. "That's a cheerful tale, all right, Jimmy! What's the answer?"

"Fix it up to suit yourself," said Jimmy Wreakes. "I'm done."

And he lit another stogie.

THE END.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE most interesting news of the week with regard to forthcoming events is undoubtedly the engagement of Mrs. Patrick Campbell for Mr. Hall Caine's drama, "The Bondman," which is to be produced at Drury Lane in the autumn. It involves the postponement of an American tour which Mrs. Campbell was contemplating. One fact of artistic speculation is how the vast stage and auditorium of Drury Lane will affect the display of Mrs. Campbell's art and technique. She has, of course, often appeared in a large theatre before; no one can forget her season at the Lyceum when she played Juliet and Lady Teazle, Magda and Lady Macbeth with Mr. Forbes Robertson. It cannot fail to have been noticed, however, that when Mrs. Campbell has gone into management she has selected the small houses, like the Royalty and the Criterion. The difference in the result was very marked, for in the delicate shading of her characters the detail which was missed in "Magda" at the Lyceum was seen to great advantage at the Royalty, where everyone acknowledged that it was a triumph worthy the creator of Paula Tanqueray. This was a criticism with which her brother-actors agreed, and no greater compliment could be paid her were the most eulogistic adjectives in the dictionary applied to her performance.

Much interest has been evoked during the last week by the proposal made by Mr. William Archer for a revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. All the principal old Savoyards have expressed themselves in enthusiastic terms of the idea, not merely because of their loyalty to what was an institution, but from a genuine and artistic appreciation of the value of the libretti and the music. The one obvious difficulty in relation to the scheme is the overwhelming financial one, for all the leading members of the company have been making great successes in musical comedy, and their salaries have gone up proportionately. It has been calculated that the gathering together of them would mean that the aggregate of their salaries would now be between two and three times what it used to be. The idea of changing the operas two or three times a week, if not oftener, has been advocated in some quarters; but if the Savoy were the scene of the venture it would be impossible to store the necessary scenery, and its removal every day and the substitution of fresh would involve great labour and trouble.

Mr. Rutland Barrington has returned to the cast of "The Geisha," and is now playing his old part, the Marquis Imari, which

Mr. George Graves, the former "gazeka-hunter," as he was called in *The Sketch* last week, was playing when the piece was first revived.

A few weeks ago reference was made in this paper to the production by the Pioneers of Mr. Keble Howard's one-act comedy, "Compromising Martha." On that occasion the play made so decided an impression that the critics were unanimous in expressing the belief that it would not meet the fate of most plays produced under such circumstances, but would be heard of again, for it was likely to attract the attention of the managers of the West-End houses. This prognostication has been happily fulfilled, and readers of *The Sketch* who enjoy Mr. Keble Howard's humour every week will congratulate him on the fact that Mr. Frederick Harrison has arranged to produce "Compromising Martha" at the Haymarket. No date is at present settled, but it will probably be either when the theatre reopens in September or about Christmas time.



A 23½-INCH ANARCHIST AND AN 8-FOOT-7 FRENCHMAN: "PRINCE" COLIBRI AND HENRI COT.

"Prince" Colibri, who is appearing at the Crystal Palace, is said to be the smallest man in the world. He is 23½ inches high, weighs 8½ lb., and is 25 years old. He is a Slav, speaks French, English, German, and Finnish, and boasts that he is an Anarchist. Henri Cot is 21, and was born in the department of Aveyron, France. He weighs 390 lb.

Photograph by Russell.

While under ordinary circumstances the enterprise of the Moody-Manners Company belongs to the musical department, the fact that the season which begins on Saturday takes place at the Lyric Theatre entitles it to notice in this column. The theatre will thus once again justify its name, a fact which no reader of *The Sketch* will need reminding has been, by no means the case during the course of its career, as it has given house-room to practically every variety of dramatic entertainment—from Shakspearean tragedy, through modern religious drama, to modern drama—even melodrama, and comedy both of the unmusical and musical variety.

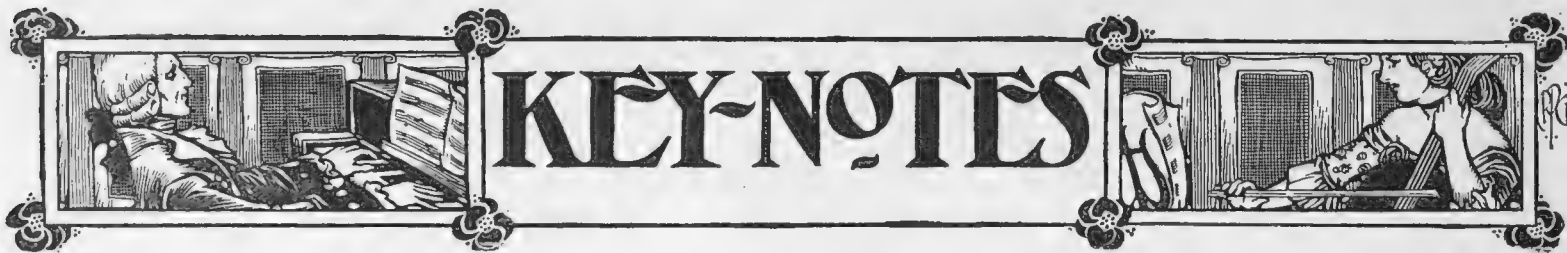
The repertoire of the Moody-Manners Company will include "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," "The Huguenots" and "Martha," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "Eugene Onegin," an opera, by the way, in which Madame Melba will probably be seen at Covent Garden next season. On Saturday the opera will be "Lohengrin," in which the leading parts will be undertaken by Mr. Wilson Pembroke, Mr. Charles Manners, Mr. Llewys James, Miss Toni Seiter, and Miss Fanny Moody. On Monday "Tannhäuser" will be given, with "Faust" on Tuesday.

Among the other members of the company will be Madame Clementina de Vere and Mlle. de Lussan, Messrs. Joseph O'Mara, and James and Charles Magrath. It is interesting to note that there are to be certain reductions in prices, for some stalls will be sold for seven-and-sixpence, the balcony-stalls will be six and five shillings, the upper circle four and three shillings, and the pit two shillings. The operas, it will be seen, are essentially popular, and the same may be said of the prices.



GIRL ACTRESS AND BABY DANCER, MISS MABEL GREEN AND MISS VERA FLEMING AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY.

Photograph by Dassano.



COVENT GARDEN is to be very highly congratulated upon its recent production of Gluck's opera, "Armide," given on this late occasion for the first time in England. This is rather a curious fact, for so many of Gluck's works have been appreciated and made popular in this country that it is not a little strange that this, one of the finest of the composer's operatic works, should have been so neglected. The beauty of every detail in this music-drama, the splendid serenity with which Gluck dominates the whole situation from a musical point of view, were beautifully realised in this production. The libretto exactly suits the style of Gluck, which, if one may so express it, has a continuity of thought mingled with jewels of melody which claimed the highest admiration of such great men—so different in their musical characters—as Berlioz and Wagner.

Mlle. Bréval took the part of Armide very nobly: her singing was an artistic feat, her acting was intensely passionate, and her gesture was based upon the finest school of pantomime, for which the French stage has so long been famous. Madame Lunn, in the part of La Haine, was also exceedingly good, her imperious manner combining much deep

emotion with an extraordinarily fine restraint. Madame Gilibert-Lejeune doubled the parts of Le Plaisir and Sidonie, and was also very artistic. Miss Gleeson White was pleasant in the part of Phénice. M. Crabbé, M. Altch-evsky, M. Dog-nies, and M. Marcoux were all exceedingly good; the dances were admirable, and M. Messenger conducted.

Miss Minnie Tracey gave a

Bemberg's "Chant Hindou" she caught exactly the right spirit of the music, this being one of the songs in which Madame Melba associated herself with the singer as accompanist. In another song, by Bohm, given under the same conditions, "Still wie die Nacht," Miss Ainsley displayed a richness of tone which was exceedingly satisfactory, as without doubt it was guided by intelligence and thoughtfulness. Mlle. Parkina sang Tosti's beautiful "Serenata," to the harp accompaniment of Miss Sassoli, with much brilliance, and with a thorough understanding of Tosti's methods and special characteristics. Miss Chartres played a Polonaise by Vieuxtemps very prettily indeed, although, of course, her tone will broaden in time and her style will grow steadier and more fixed.



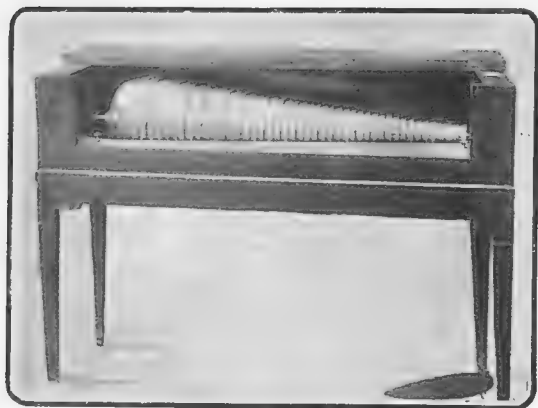
A YOUNG CONTRALTO WHO RECENTLY GAVE HER FIRST LONDON RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL, MISS TILLY KOENEN.

Miss Koenen was exceedingly well received on the occasion of her first song recital in London, and her success has been continued. Her father was commander-in-chief of a cavalry regiment in Dutch East India, and she is the cousin of Mr. Willem Coenen, the well-known pianist and composer. She has sung at many of the Courts of Europe, and the Queen of Holland herself decorated her with the Order of the House of Orange.

Photograph by Histed.

The press-proof of the scheme of Promenade Concerts, which will be held at Queen's Hall from Aug. 18 to Oct. 26 is now issued. The conductor will, of course, be Mr. Henry J. Wood, while the principal violin will be Mr. H. Verbrugghen, the organist and accompanist being Mr. F. B. Kiddle. The tally of artists is a very long one, and it would be impossible to give a list of all the names that are announced; a few, however, may be mentioned. Miss Perceval Allen, Miss Winifred Ludlam, Miss Edith Kirkwood, and Miss Lillie Wormald figure among a long list of sopranos. Among the contraltos one notes the names of Miss Edith Clegg, Miss Gertrude Lonsdale, and Miss Greta Williams. Among the tenors the name of Mr. Lloyd Chandos may be mentioned, and among the basses the names of Mr. William Higley, Mr. Charles Knowles (excellent singers both), Mr. Robert Radford, and Mr. Frederick Ranalow may also be set down. Among the violinists the names of Mr. S. Abbas, Miss Katie Parker, and Mr. Maurice Sons may be picked out. Mr. Albert Fransella is one of two flute-players, the other being Miss Marguerite de Forest Andersen. The pianists include such well-known names as those of Miss Fanny Davies, Miss Ethel Leginska, Miss Adela Verne, Mr. Percy Grainger, and Mrs. Norman O'Neill. To continue a list of names would be to become tedious; suffice it to say that these are all artists widely known in England, and that their colleagues have reputations of well-known value.

Miss Elizabeth Dodge, known on her programme by the title of the "new American soprano," made her London début under the direction of E. L. Robinson last week, the solo pianoforte part on this occasion being taken by Mr. Percy Grainger. Miss Dodge has a very fine and highly trained voice, and throughout the whole concert she showed every sign of being an extremely accomplished artist.—COMMON CHORD.



NOT A BIG GUN! THE GLASS HARMONICA INVENTED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The glass bells are fastened to an axle, and this axle is set in motion by means of a pedal. The instrument is played with damped fingers.

Photograph by the Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.

vocal recital a few days ago at the Æolian Hall which was exceedingly interesting by reason of the careful choice which she showed in her selection of songs. Among old composers she drew from the endless resources of such great artists as Bach, Scarlatti, Monteverde, and Rameau. She also included more modern songs by M. Enesco, which she interpreted with great vocal feeling. Mr. Svanfeldt, who, following the example of Miss Tracey, also gave us examples (and gave them exceedingly well) of songs ancient and modern, made both Gluck and Buononcini figure in his selections. As a further matter of detail Herr van Bos played the accompaniments, and Mr. Spencer Dyke was responsible for some quite successful solos on the violin.

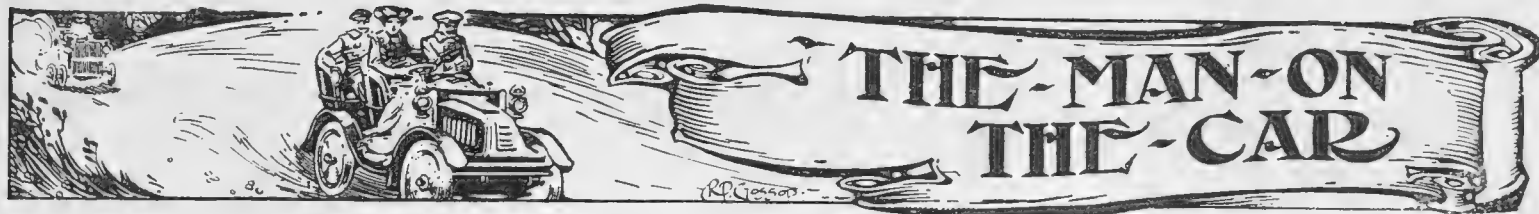
There seems to be no limit to the patronage which Madame Melba extends to young singers who are really worthy of her attention. At the Bechstein Hall last week Miss Irene Ainsley, who hails from New Zealand, gave, under the direction of N. Vert, her first concert, at which she was assisted by the Misses Parkina, Sassoli, and Vivien Chartres. Mr. Landon Ronald was, with the great exception which we now make, the general accompanist of the afternoon, although in the programme he was somewhat grandiloquently described as the "conductor." That exception was no less a person than Madame Melba, who played some accompaniments with exceedingly great sympathy for Miss Ainsley. The singer in question has an extremely fine contralto voice, and sings with much sympathy and musicianly feeling. In



Caruso. Tosti. Scotti.

TWO GREAT SINGERS AND A GREAT COMPOSER BOW TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER—SIGNORI CARUSO, TOSTI, AND SCOTTI.





THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB—A HILL-CLIMBING CHAMPIONSHIP WANTED—THE EVER-PRESENT DUST: STUDY OF UNDER-BODY FORM REQUIRED—THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION'S DEMONSTRATION: HOW TO SAVE COUNTY RATES AND RETAIN THE POLICE FOR CRIME-PREVENTION—SIX VERSUS FOUR CYLINDERS COMPETITION: ALL-ENGLISH CARS NEXT TIME—BAGGAGE TRANSPORT ON TOURIST CARS: A SOLUTION.

IT is certainly remarkable that the membership of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland should so largely exceed that of the French club, which is a much older body and representative of the country that pioneered the modern self-propelled traffic movement, and profited by a good five years' start of this country in automobile matters. With the list of candidates elected on July 4, the membership of the A.C.G.B.I. reached three thousand, and numerous nominations since that date have set the ball rolling towards the fourth chiliad. The numerical superiority of the English over the French club is probably due, first, to the democratic nature of the Piccadilly institution; and, secondly, to that all-round English feeling that when a fresh sport or pursuit is taken up it is *de règle* to back up the special institution to which it has given rise. Whether this support will continue in the future in equal proportion to the growth of the practice of automobilism is doubtful; but the fact remains that to day the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland is the most powerful body of its kind in the world.

Surely it is time that something in the shape of a hill-climbing championship was arranged by the Automobile Club. It may be said that the winning car in the South Harting climb occupies this position, but as this event is held in conjunction with a county club, it cannot be regarded exactly in that light. At the present moment hill-climbs are being held all over the country by clubs of more or less importance, and the trade seizes upon the wins in these unimportant events to make of them the boldest possible advertisement. It seems to me that the club might itself organise, towards the end of the season, a big hill-climb which would be considered the hill-climb of the year and might carry a championship by formulae or championships by class. The competition for the Henry Edmunds Trophy might be developed into such an event; but as this event only attracted eighteen entries last Saturday, it cannot be said to fill the bill at present.

No one has yet arisen to dogmatise on the dust question—at least, so far as to say what there is about the lines of any one car that tends to the raising of dust or the reverse. It is, of course, well known that a low-built car will provoke a larger cloud than another that is farther removed from the road-surface, but it is frequently found with two cars having equal clearance that one is a great deal dustier than

producing contour of under-body will be discovered, and, in view of the anathemas that the dust we raise brings down upon our heads, the sooner the matter is taken up seriously the better.

On the 8th instant the Automobile Association, which has done, and is still doing, such excellent work in safeguarding such portions of the roads running out of London as the police have shown that they consider dangerous by the instalment of traps thereon, took



THE MOTOR-BOAT IN THE SERVICE OF THE EXCISE OFFICER: CUSTOMS OFFICIALS AT WORK IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

The Customs officials whose business it is to visit the warships and trading vessels entering Portsmouth Harbour have been provided with the 6-h.p. petrol motor-craft here illustrated.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb.

steps to demonstrate to a number of representative journalists just how it was done. More than a score members of the association devoted their cars to this excellent object, and drove members of the Press from the residence of the president, Colonel Bosworth, in Roehampton Lane, to the Hôtel Metropole at Brighton, via Sutton, Reigate, and Horley. The route was patrolled by fourteen of the A. A. scouts, and by the little single-cylinder car just purchased to assist in the extension of the admirable and useful work of this body. The officials of the association could only show their guests where the police traps had been, but were no longer, although an electric trap was located at Slaugham cross-roads, and its existence rendered unnecessary by earlier timely warnings.

It is to be hoped that the six-cylinder versus four-cylinder competition entered into between Claude Johnson for Messrs. Rolls-Royce and Captain Deasy, late 16th Lancers, for Messrs. Deasy and Co., which was carried out in so sportsmanlike a manner on each side, will be renewed early next season, or so soon as the new Deasy car is on the road. Owing to want of experience in estimating the value of marks to be awarded or deducted under different conditions, the results of the contest that ended with the late Scottish trials are not of particular value. On the figures the 30-horse power six-cylinder Rolls-Royce was the winner, the chances of the four-cylinder 40-horse power Martini being largely discounted by the loss of 381 marks due to a choked gauze in the petrol pressure gauge, a matter very difficult of diagnosis on the road. The Martini was faster up hill and on the level on the whole, and consumed less petrol; but in sweetness and quietude of running the English-built car undoubtedly led, as it did in the matter of gear-changes. As the next competition will take place between two home-made cars, the interest will be increased.

The comfortable and convenient carriage of baggage upon a medium-sized motor-car has always been something of a problem, but this it is no longer, for to my mind Messrs. Alfred Dunhill, Limited, of Euston Road, N.W., have arrived at the solution of a difficult question by the introduction of the Kennard Valise. These kit-containers are made in brown waterproof canvas, with edges and corners strongly bound in buff leather, on the lines of the well-known Japanese pilgrim baskets, so that they carry securely a variable quantity or mass of clothing without crushing. A special point with regard to them is the fact that they can be made to suit the length and breadth of the running footboards now so prevalent.



NEW YORK SOCIETY WOMEN LEARNING TO BE THEIR OWN MECHANICS AND CHAUFFEURS.

New York has a regular school for women chauffeurs and for ladies who wish to act as their own chauffeurs and to know how to repair their motor-cars. The course of instruction is complete. The entire series of lessons takes three months; the least period of training is three weeks.

the other. Taking a line through the car that is known as the dustless Spyker, although the adjective is not borne out in its entirety, I am convinced that much is to be done in this direction by experiments in the shaping of the under sheet-metal apron now fitted to so many cars for the protection of the propelling machinery. It is only by varying the form and run of this apron that the least dust-

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

FREE STABLING—MAHER, HIGGS, WHEATLEY, AND MADDEN—CLUBS.

I HAVE been told that at one of the country meetings the managers are very keen on charging for everything. If, for instance, an owner has a horse running in the second race on the programme and the animal arrives, say, an hour before sport begins and is put with a muzzle on into a box, the day's charge for stabling and fodder is demanded. It is therefore little matter for wonder that owners kick against what on the face of it reads very much like extortion. One thing is certain; an animal that is just about to be started for a race does not require any fodder, while those who run racecourses are naturally expected to provide shelter for animals taking part in the programme. The managers, by-the-bye, answer that the stabling and fodder are there, and that the owners can please themselves whether they feed their horses or not. Bringing a little common-sense to bear on the question would, in my opinion, settle it in a very short time. The racecourse managers—or rather, the majority of them—are real live men. They run their shows on up-to-date lines, and do all that is in their power to give the public value for money. Then why should a few persevere in a system that the many have found not to be workable? The argument of vested interests may be treated as one of pure commerce, and is answered by the fact that owners, who also have very large, and sometimes very unprofitable, vested interests do not feel justified in paying for stabling and fodder. That, in a word, is the form at a glance. It is now, then, a question who is going to give way, or, rather, who are masters of the situation. Owners will be perfectly in order in boycotting any meeting who does not give them a *quid pro quo*; while, on the other hand, racecourse managers could do nothing unless they bowed to the inevitable.

Maher looks in the best of health just now, and he should pay for following, especially over courses like Newmarket, Sandown, Liverpool, and Newbury. He has a very attractive manner, as he is always smiling, and looks as happy as a sand-boy all the time. He has recently come under the ban of the Jockey Club for, it is alleged,

list at the close of the season. Against his chance of topping the poll is the fact that he has to ride both the bad and the good horses for those masters who give him a retainer. His score would certainly be a much better one if he played the part of a free lance.

In private life he dresses in the height of fashion, neatly, but not gaudily. He studies his health and lives a quiet life. Despite a bad accident, he is still very much attached to the motor. Higgs, who has been so successful in the saddle this year, is a native of Ireland. He is a very taking jockey, with keen, penetrating eyes and tender hands. He displays marvellous intelligence in the saddle. He lives quietly with his wife and little son at Colne, hard by Beckhampton, in Wiltshire. It is said that whenever Higgs rides a big winner he buys a pair of coloured bootlaces for his boy; and as he selects a new colour each time, he must have exploited the rainbow by now. Wheatley, who has done such good service for Elsey's stable, is a gentlemanly, well-behaved boy. He is very smart, and displays remarkable judgment in his races. Madden is riding as well as ever. His courage often gets him home, while his judgment is unbeatable at times. He is of a retiring disposition, but he is all there in race-riding, and I should say he is one of the best judges among the jockeys of the actual form shown by any horse in either trial or race.

I notice, according to one announcement, that by paying seven guineas gentlemen can become members of the Newbury Club for the remainder of the present year; but, as there are only five more days' racing at the popular Berkshire enclosure, this amounts to very nearly the two pounds per day charged under ordinary circumstances to gentlemen otherwise qualified for admission to the members' enclosure. With regard to club fees generally, I do not think an entrance fee ought to be charged at any time, for the subscription is quite enough for one to have to pay, and surely in these days there is no club list so full that members have to be refused. It is not many years since the late Sir Blundell Maple was blackballed for the Southdown Club at Lewes, for why nobody



FIRST UP THE MATTERHORN THIS SEASON: Mlle. GINDRAUX.

Mlle. Gindraux, who is about midway in her teens, made the first climb this season of the Matterhorn a few days ago, accompanied by three guides. The summit was reached about 8 a.m., and despite the difficulties of the climb, a record was made in the latter part of the descent. A German gentleman, hearing that it was Mlle. Gindraux's desire to be first up the mountain, courteously gave way to her, and did not start until well after she had begun her ascent.

Photograph by H. Moor.



UNIVERSITY EIGHTS ON AMERICA'S THAMES: YALE v. HARVARD ON THE THAMES, NEW LONDON.

The race illustrated, which was rowed on the 28th of last month, resulted in a win for Harvard. Yale has been beaten only four times in the last one-and-twenty years.

Photograph by the Pictorial News Company.

unnecessarily punishing a horse at Newmarket; but in the jockey's favour it should be stated that he is often called upon to ride bad-tempered horses that require a little persuasion to get them to go at all. Maher looks like a man who would not purposely harm any animal. He is a very fine finisher and a capital judge of pace, and I should not be surprised to see him very near the top of the winning

ever seemed to know. It is pretty certain that no big owner of equal standing to the late Baronet would meet with a similar fate nowadays, and I should think those members who brought about Sir Blundell's discomfiture were now sorry they did so.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

NOW that everyone, not content with flying out of poor old London for week-ends, is "chopping" the season in a most pitiless fashion, we find an always extending summer industry in the composition of bathing-garments. One uses the plural advisedly, seeing that no well-dressed woman *qui se respect*



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING PICTURE FROCK FOR A GARDEN-PARTY.

sartorially will be content without at least three smart *costumes de bain*. At Dinard, Dieppe, Trouville, and other favourite haunts where the international *monde* amuses itself in the morning surf, under the monocles and opera-glasses of appreciative masculinity, it would be considered little short of tragic to appear daily in the same coloured watery habiliments. Black takes first place on the list, as being infinitely smarter than any other shade. Clad in a well-made costume, with a well-defined waist, long black stockings and gloves, with shoes and coquettish cap in bright blue, red, or mauve, to give the necessary touch of brightness, the summer girl outdistances all competitors. Bright crimson dresses in alpaca or unshrinkable flannel are also most becoming with the gloves, stockings, and cap *en noir*. Pale blue looks charming on golden-haired girls, and mauve in a rather bright tone is by no means as perishable in the sea and sun as would be supposed. Pink is a mistake in the water, as is daily demonstrated from my hotel window by the sight of two ambitious *Americaines* who disport in ten inches of water from the Plage.

The newest bathing-dresses have rather long skirts cut *en forme*, and full sleeves to the elbow, where they are met by gloves. I have seen most elaborate costumes in white flannel or serge, but the effect partakes too much of the *robe de nuit* to be quite pleasing to the sensitive eye. Smart Americans daily invade Dinard, which yearly grows more lively, not to say expensive. The principal residents usually betake themselves elsewhere for this period, and leave the delights of Casino and tennis to season people, of whom, unless duly introduced, they take no notice, though the tripper element—as understood in more get-at-able places—is non-existent.

The Comtesse de la Ferriol gave her last garden-party this week before leaving for the Comte's château, near Grenoble. Madame de Hatzfeldt was accompanied by her daughter, Princess Hohenlohe, who brought a miniature Yorkshire terrier, which had just taken a first prize in Paris on account of its lilliputian size. Lady Duntze, Lady Vavasour, Lady Blackwood, the Comtesse de Gasquet, and Mrs. Barrington were amongst others present in the pretty gardens, where tea was served under the trees. Trouville's approaching, annual excitements in the way of races and regatta cause much industry in sun-baked Paris, whence diaphanous frocks of lace, chiffon, and delicate lawn are daily despatched. Several sorts of lace are used on the same gown, tiny frillings of Breton or Valenciennes bordering the coarser guipures which adorn frocks of every kind, for it is a season of lace, lace, and still more lace, admixed with embroidery of portentous price.

All the summer sales are in full swing at the moment, and mouth-watering bargains are announced in catalogues and papers at every turn. Money never buys so much as it does in the sales and saturnalia of July and January, and with the present quick-change of fashion it becomes so obvious a necessity for traders to dispose of their left-over stocks that the opportunities of those actually in town at the psychological moment are many and varied. I was introduced this week to a French model gown which had descended from forty guineas to seven, and hats which had demanded four to six guineas had tipped the beam at twenty-two shillings. One cannot help



[Copyright.]

A PALE-BLUE CANVAS GOWN FOR THE RIVER.

wondering how it is done, while one gratefully takes advantage of such redoubtable chances occasionally.

The change which has come over the spirit of our dreams in matters of personal adornment in the form of jewellery is very notable, particularly since high-priests of culture like M. Lalique have arisen in the world's midst. The barbaric manner of Early Victorian times, when bracelets were manacles, brooches reached



pudding-plate proportions, earrings were heavy, graceless pendulums, and lockets suspended from cables of gold or silver resembling ships' hawsers filled the ancestral jewel-boxes with costly monstrosities, have departed. We have reverted to the ancient artistry of gem-setting, to the delightful gold-work of early Swiss and Austrian craftsmanship, to the elegant mounts of old Italian workmen, and the beautiful harmonies in coloured gem-work which were known as marcasite. All this, united with a lace-like delicacy of design imposed by modern methods on ancient tradition, makes the productions of a Lalique or a Boucheron worthy of a place in the collector's glass case no less than on the form of deserving fair woman. Most wonderful, also, are the emanations of modern science in the production of paste, either diamonds or coloured gems. The Parisian Diamond Co. may indeed be called the doyen of twentieth-century jewellers, so intrinsically good are its designs, method of setting, and the colour and water of the stones for which it is responsible. Its pearls are known everywhere, worn everywhere, and, one regretfully adds, copied, but never successfully, everywhere. So it behoves the purchaser of neck-chain, tiara, bangle, or trinket of whatever kind to seek it at the fountain-head of all really artistic gem-setting, the four shops of the famous company—one at 143, Regent Street, and the adjoining three in the Bond Street and Burlington Arcade ateliers. Just now some enamel-work, with jewels and differently alloyed gold, is the company's latest novelty and triumph, while prices seem extraordinarily inadequate to the beautiful possessions borne away in exchange.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JULIETTE (Dublin).—Yes, very becoming, and growing in popularity. SYBIL.

#### EN PASSANT.

##### *The Most-Decorated Man.*

It is usually said that the French are the people who have the greatest love for decorations, and that a Frenchman can be recognised anywhere, because he eats a great quantity of bread and wears a red, purple, or green ribbon at his buttonhole; but the Germans run the French very close, for, according to recent statistics, there were over ninety thousand persons wearing decorations in the Fatherland, and by this time it is estimated that the hundred thousand must have been reached. The German official who holds the record number of decorations is Count Augustus Eulenberg, the Grand Marshal of the Emperor's Court, for he possesses no fewer than eighty different decorations, and has not room enough on his chest to wear them.

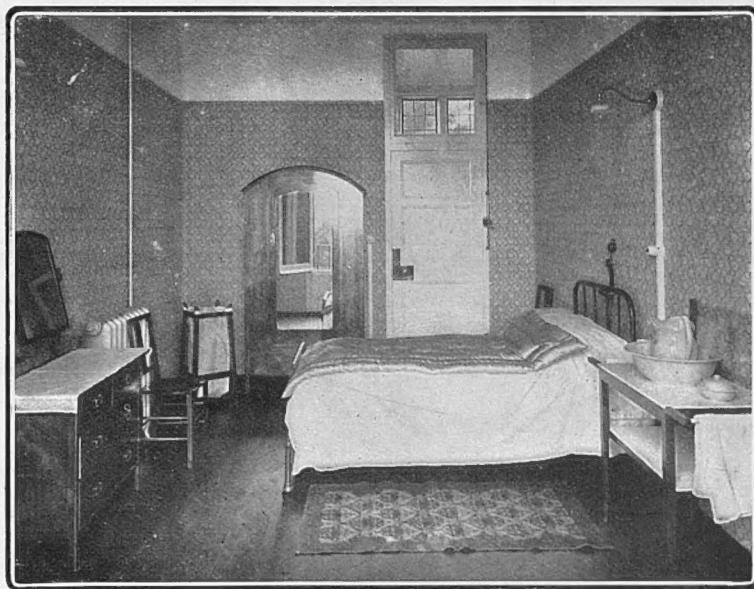
##### *A Bridegroom-To-Be?*

Once again it is rumoured that the Duke of Saxe-Weimar is to be married—this time, it is said, to his deceased wife's sister. The gossips made many guesses in anticipation of his first marriage, but they were all wrong. His bride was Princess Caroline of Reuss. The idyll of the young couple lasted less than a couple of years, for the bride died

Holland's charming young Queen hope he will soon cease to occupy. The Duke and Kaiser William are hand and glove, so to speak. The younger man is the more popular with his Over-Lord from the fact that he shares to the full the naval ambitions of the latter.

##### *The Man Who Did.*

There is, of course, no law in Germany to prevent the Duke of Saxe-Weimar's marrying his deceased wife's sister. At one time there was no practical prohibition in England. If a man married his deceased wife's sister, the union was legal unless the ecclesiastical courts stepped in and



HYGIENIC FURNITURE FOR A CENTRE OF HYGIENE: A ROOM IN THE KING'S SANATORIUM FOR CONSUMPTION AT MIDHURST.

The furniture of the patients' rooms in the King's Sanatorium, of which there are exactly a hundred, is made of polished birch, and has been specially designed to meet the requirements of consumption sanatoria, and yet so designed as to avoid suggesting to the patient the usual hospital surroundings. That there should be no dust-traps is the first consideration. All the surfaces and joints are flush, and mouldings have been eschewed. Each article of furniture is well raised from the floor on legs to facilitate cleaning. Every one of the twenty-five rooms of the nursing staff, and also the servants' rooms, were furnished by Messrs. Heal in oak. Messrs. Heal do not concern themselves in anything but the bedrooms, and in this department they have done excellent work.

nullified it—which happened in only one per cent. of cases. If either parent died before such decree was pronounced, the issue of the marriage were legitimate, whether the courts liked it or not. We have one happy couple in England who defied the law in this matter. Professor Herkomer, being a widower, determined to marry his deceased wife's sister. He was a naturalised Briton, but he returned to Germany, married, then came back, to find, to his intense gratification, that, after all, he had not lost his English citizenship. And yet the law held, in the famous *Brook v. Brook* case, that persons leaving England to marry abroad are not legally wedded. All things considered, it would have been as well had Lord Lyndhurst not got his Act passed.

##### *A Trap to Catch a Son-in-Law.*

They are saying in Paris that M. Donnay has all unwittingly succeeded in solving the vexed question whether the stage really does exert a material influence on morals. In his latest play the witty dramatist presented a millionaire automobilist, stranded by a puncture just opposite a bourgeois home, being hospitably received by the whole family; and falling in love with and marrying the beautiful daughter of the house. So profound an impression has been created by this touching romance that prudent fathers now strew the roadway in front of their villas with tenpenny nails and other penetrative objects, in the wild hope of securing a millionaire and motoring son-in-law by the happy "accident" of a punctured tyre. Oh, decidedly the stage has a great influence on morals!

##### *Mr. John Burns and Cricket.*

Although Mr. John Burns is now a Cabinet Minister, burdened with affairs of State, he has not lost his interest in cricket. One of his colleagues, Mr. Bryce, has ridiculed those people who spend time in watching the games of others, but Mr. Burns has always been fond of mixing with the cricket crowd. There are few men in the world busier than he is—few who cram more work into the day, and yet he still finds a little leisure for recreation. He was seen lately at the Oval watching his Surrey friends, and he took lunch there.



PARIS FASHIONS IN MILAN: COSTUMES SHOWN AT THE MILAN EXHIBITION BY MR. G. BEER, OF PARIS, AND HATS SHOWN BY THE MAISON LEWIS, 16, RUE ROYALE, PARIS, AND 210, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Queen Margherita bought no fewer than eighteen hats from this exhibit, and others have been purchased by Princess Letitia, Princess Hélène d'Orléans, and the Duchess d'Aosta.

Photograph by Ganzini.

twenty months after her wedding-day, leaving the Duke a childless widower of less than thirty years. He is immensely rich. In addition to the great estates left to him by his father, he inherited eighty million marks from his grandmother, the Grand Duchess Sophia, sister of the late King of the Netherlands. Moreover, he is Heir-Presumptive to the throne of Holland, a position which all admirers of

Holiday-makers will be glad to know that Messrs. John Barker and Co., of Kensington, are having a sale of the surplus stock of their trunks, dress-baskets, suit-cases, bags, etc. Many great bargains are offered. The same firm, by the way, have on their books a very large selection of furnished houses and first-class apartments in the country or at the seaside, and they also arrange for the exchange of seaside and country houses with town houses or flats at very moderate rents for the holiday season. Those leaving their houses may insure their property with Messrs. John Barker against both fire and burglary.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 25.*

THERE is no doubt that grave fears have been, in the last few weeks, entertained of the stability of at least one large finance house—that, in short, we have been passing through a crisis which reminds old stagers of the famous Baring liquidation in the early 'nineties. This time, however, we have got through without so much washing of dirty linen in public—if we have got through.

The Apollinaris meeting passed off in a most pleasant fashion, and the chairman was able to encourage his shareholders not only with a good report of the last year, but with the assurance that the sales still showed increases, while the prospects for the coming year were first class. The Preference shares, at about £8, must be considered a really excellent investment for people to whom high return and reasonable safety are matters of importance.

## ELECTRICITY SUPPLY SHARES.

For perhaps another nine or twelve months the market in the shares of those electrical lighting Companies which supply the Metropolis must remain under a cloud, although it will have a silver lining. For which relief shareholders will cry, in chastened mood, "Much thanks," because it is long since their properties moved on any plane save the downward track. The London County Council Bill has been negatived, or, rather, postponed, because there is little doubt as to its reappearance next year in an amplified state, seeking the extended powers which Parliament apparently considers should come within the L.C.C. scope. The market has taken this latest development very quietly, prices having barely moved, and, for the first time since several months, we have heard a few syllables of hope from those best qualified to judge the prospects of this particular and important branch of the industry. Quotations for the stocks and shares of the Metropolitan electric lighting Companies have now reached a stage at which much future disaster is discounted, and in spite of the London County Council's obvious carelessness as to what vested interests it rides over, the authorities apparently recognise the right of the Companies to be permitted to make profits for their shareholders. This, at all events, is something for which the latter must be grateful in these years of diminutive mercies, and it promotes the impression that this is the time to average rather than to realise holdings in the Metropolitan electric lighting Companies.

## HOME RAILWAY STAGNATION.

Indiscriminate indictment of the present Government for the woes suffered by the markets of the Stock Exchange would obviously not overlook Home Railway issues. Several of the stocks in this section are presenting a fairly firm front to the bears, but of the activity which should be making the market a feature at the present time there is not a trace. Investors, however, are not so greatly indifferent to the attractions of the market as may be supposed. Brokers tell of clients who, once scorning to look at Home Rails, now consider with interest the claims of the various securities to their attention. But the support so far accorded has been too fickle for the infusion of more than a trifling strength into prices. Speculation, of course, is the marrow of a market's bones, without which its prices are dry and disinclined to bestir themselves. And speculation round the Stock Exchange has come perilously near to a full stop. The public don't want to gamble, and the professionals are afraid to, especially as the holiday season is upon us, and men prefer to close their books instead of adding to them. Nevertheless, it is some satisfaction to see that the "Heavy" stocks, so often recommended here for investment purposes, are gradually attaining better levels, and the quiet improvement has every reasonable chance of being maintained.

## MISCELLANEOUS MISADVENTURES.

In the Miscellaneous Market, the little section dealing with motor omnibus shares has somewhat settled down after the blow it received by reason of the Handcross disaster. No advocacy of motor-omnibus shares has been advanced in these columns. The London Motor-Omnibus ("Vanguard") shares we have indicated as being the only ones worth touching, and in spite of the accident, the Company will probably pay its shareholders well for some time to come. Yet in this case the question of depreciation cannot be regarded as settled, because there are really no precedents of practical value to work upon, and the Company must be content to allow liberal sums for depreciation. As for the other motor-omnibus companies, they are a

simple gamble, and if a speculator fancies this class of article, the District ("Arrow") shares at about twelve shillings may not turn out badly.

To account for the flatness of Anglo "A," the general liquidation of speculative commitments is the best argument. No doubt the price was rushed up at an unduly rapid pace, and the subsequent reaction is therefore all the more natural; but we are somewhat disposed to think the decline has gone far enough. There are good interests at the back of the stock, and when the selling stops there should be a sharp twist up, unless we mistake the look of the market.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Yes," said Our Stroller, "I suppose it is what you are pleased to call a 'rotten job.'"

His broker leant both arms on the table, and asserted that for every one man who made money by speculation, fifty lost it.

"And yet," objected our friend, "we all think we can make a better fist at it than our neighbours. If— That your boy?"

The clerk handed his chief a couple of wires.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said the broker, in the vernacular. "It's not often that that has happened in the course of my experience, although it did occur some few years ago."

He folded the telegrams in halves, concealing the signatures, and The Stroller read aloud—

"Buy hundred East Rand best unless think wrong."

And then the second one—

"Sell hundred Easts—use discretion."

"Now," said the broker, "what the deuce am I to do? Confound these idiots!" and he gazed at the flimsies with a perplexed scowl. "Give me that wire-book."

The boy handed it to him, and he pencilled quickly.

"May I see?" asked Our Stroller, as the two forms were torn out.

The broker laughed, and handed both across the table. They were alike. Again Our Stroller read—

"East Rands 3½, regret unable express opinion, market dullish moment. Kindly wire definite instructions."

"I shouldn't like a wire of that sort," was our friend's candid comment.

"My dear Sir, I can't form an opinion; so there you are! Moreover, I'm not paid high enough commission to make me keen on taking even moral speculative risks."

"You don't mind investment risks?"

"Totally different thing. In that case you advise to the best of your experience and ability, and you do your very utmost to find suitable stuff for your client."

"And the commission?"

The broker shrugged his shoulders. "We get more," said he. "Where we can," he added after a second's pause. "We deserve it, I think. Besides, it gives a lot more office work."

"But the gambling, in-and-out business, pays best?"

"Yes, while the man meets his differences. I don't mind admitting that I have a horror of bad debts. Then, you take any firm with a big speculative connection, and think of the worry they must be put to in times of trouble."

"They're paid for it."

"Of course. But my métier lies along the quiet path of investment. And if you are gambling heavily for one set of clients, the other set have only got to hear of it for them to get uneasy about you."

"I should hardly have thought that," observed Our Stroller.

"Tis so, I assure you. At least, it's been my experience. I do a little speculating for first-class people, but I don't cater for your kerbstoner, and that's a fact. It doesn't seem fair to me that a broker should take big risks on account of clients if he is doing a responsible investment business."

Our Stroller stirred his coffee.

"Oh, yes. I can see your dissent, and admit it may be quixotic on my part—"

"I didn't say that," protested our friend.

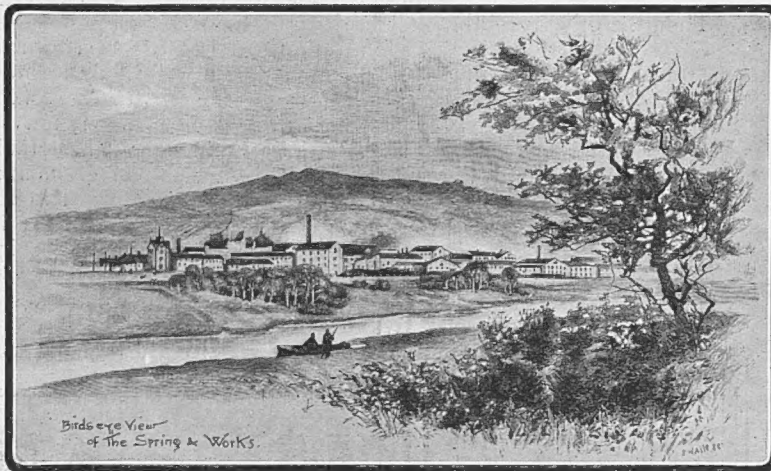
"Oh, but it is. Without boasting, I could make a lot more money if I cultivated the gambling division and the pavement decorations."

"Possibly lose more, too."

"Precisely. And to me the game isn't worth the candle; nor to my clients either, according to my way of thinking. Here, Dizzy! Bill, please. Yes, both together."

"I suppose I dare not ask how Yankees are?" and The Stroller chuckled as they stood in the street.

"That's all rot, of course," retorted the broker, quite seriously.



APOLLINARIS AND JOHANNIS, LTD.: GENERAL VIEW OF THE SPRING.



"A man in the Stock Exchange has to keep his eye on every blessed or unblessed thing that's moving, else he gets pretty badly left in the race for the guineas."

"Well, Yankees?"

"Can't make 'em out. They puzzle me more than Kaffirs. But I do think that they will come right again, you know. Trunks any better?" he called to a passer-by.

"A trifle. Nothing doing, though."

"Same cry all round the House, isn't it?"

"It is. You know, I believe if we had a little business, we should see everything better in the markets."

The broker assented—eagerly.

"Look at the Kaffir Market," said another standing by. "Casons are cheap, Apex, even Randfontein and Anglo-French. Or Knights or City and Suburban. They *must* be cheap."

"That doesn't preclude the possibility of prices going lower, all the same," said the broker.

"It ought to mean them rising eventually," remarked Our Stroller.

"Granted. But I'm hanged if I know what to think just at present. There's this Transvaal Constitution business postponed until next January. Another check!"

"Payable to the order of the bears," said the Kaffir dealer.

"Come and have a coffee?"

"Not after that," returned the broker. "You've set all my teeth on edge."

"False——!" and off he started, laughing hugely to himself.

"Silly ass!" the broker cried. "Hullo, Smith! What is it this time?"

The boy put a couple of telegrams into his hand. "Just come, Sir."

"By Jove! Have I been so long at lunch?"

"We were a long time in the cigar-shop," Our Stroller reminded him. "Fully a quarter of an hour after lunch."

The broker opened one wire and smiled. Then the other, and the smile widened.

"What a joke!" he said, and passed them to Our Stroller, turning the signatures down.

The Stroller read the first—

"Buy hundred East Rands cheapest possible."

And then the other—

"Sell hundred Easts best can."

"One of them will lose his money," and The Stroller handed back the telegrams.

"Not at all. If only they are content with a small profit, they will each make one," returned the broker. "'Scuse me a sec'," and he dived into the House.

Saturday, July 14, 1906.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CURIOUS.—It would not be decent to give the name of the deceased solicitor whose Stock Exchange account is said to have upset the markets. Plenty of things are whispered which no respectable paper cares to print. Ask your broker.

ISCA.—The Spencer Santo Company has done well, but the building trade is speculative, and the current price reflects the risk. As a speculative industrial they are not bad. The Russian Petroleum shares are, in the present state of the country, too risky for us to recommend, even to average. Why not buy John Wright and Eagle Range shares, or American Freehold Land 6 per cent. Preference shares?

HANOVER.—(1) Sulphide Corporation or Block 10. (2) Very speculative. (3) These shares look like a good thing, but they are too general a tip for our money. (4) As a speculation not bad. (5) If these shares drop, buy some more. (6) We have no information except such as is common property, and look upon the shares as highly speculative.

H. P. L.—Yes, but we prefer Barrenechea, as to which see our last issue.

INVESTMENT.—Both securities are sound and suitable to hold. You only pay English income tax on the Grand Trunk dividend.

INVESTOR.—We still think the shares should be bought, and are a good speculative purchase.

EDINBURGH.—We have no special information for what we said as to reconstruction. Kaffirs still do not seem attractive to us.

KAPPA.—(a) We should think fairly safe. (b and c) See last answer.

A REGULAR READER.—The following should suit you: (1) Interoceanic Prior Lien Bonds, (2) Villa Maria Preference, (3) Grand Trunk First Preference, (4) Queensland Investment 4 per cent. Debenture stock, (5) Apollinaris Preference, (6) Trustees and Executors Preference stock. The above will give you well over 4½ per cent., and you need not fear for your income.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Good sport will be seen at Newmarket this week, when some of the following may run well: July Handicap, Mida; Swaffham Handicap, Coxcomb; First Foal Stakes, Golden Gleam; Zetland Plate, Sancy; Summer Handicap, Catnap; Bury Handicap, Melayr; Midsummer Stakes, His Eminence; Chesterfield Stakes, Ulpian. At Sandown Park the following should go close: Eclipse Stakes, Lally; Surbiton Handicap, Athleague; Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Race, Spume; Coombe Plate, Spate; Royal Handicap, Ospedale; National Breeders' Produce Stakes, Traquair. At Leicester I fancy Quintet for the Experimental Handicap; Isleta for the Appleby Plate; Jack for the Belgrave Handicap; and Kroonstad for the Prince of Wales's Plate.

## Investment.

### Increase of Income by World-wide Investment.

#### CONTENTS.

The Stock Markets: How to Profit by them.  
Investment and Speculation: Past, Present, and Future.  
The Science of Investment.  
The Theory of Successful Speculation.  
How and when to Operate in Home Rails.  
How and when to Operate in American Rails.  
Points concerning American Rails.  
How to Invest in Mines.  
Guiding Principles for Investors in Mines.  
The Controlling Groups in the Mining Market.  
Guiding Principles for Investors in New Issues.  
Guiding Principles for Speculators.  
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	d	a	b	c	
	night	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
ST. PANCRAS	dep. 12	0 12	5 8 15	8 30	1 30
DOUGLAS	arr. about	1 0	1 0 5 15	5 15	11 30
Return from Douglas at 9.30 a.m., 3.30 p.m., and 11.30 p.m.					
a Mondays excepted. b Fridays and Saturdays only. c Saturdays only. d Sunday nights.					
ST. PANCRAS	...	...	...	dep. 6.0 p.m.	
HEYSHAM	...	...	...	11 45	
BELFAST (Donegal Quay)	arr.	6.0 a.m.			
Sats. excepted. Sats. only.					
BELFAST	dep.	9.0 p.m.	11.30 p.m.		
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